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JOY, LOVE, AND LIFE.

BY LENA MILMAN.

Sorrow is long in our life—joy is short!
The greater the joy, the shorter its life,
And peace is fleeting compar'd with strife,
And we love not as we ought:
We love too late,
Or we love too long,
And 'tis weary to wait,
Though love be strong!

Ah! the greatest joy is the soonest past,
The fairest flower first fades i' the sun,
The sweetest song is the soonest done,
And the dearest kiss is the last:
Once joy is rife,
It runneth to wrack:
One waiting is life,
Then—one looking back!

A Bitter Reckoning.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BY CROOKED PATHS," "BRED IN THE BONE," "CROSS PURPOSES," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.—(CONTINUED.)

PAULINE had kept herself well under control since her outbreak; but she could not avoid an exclamation as Lord Summers put this point before her.

"What is it, my dear?" he asked, craning his neck to look over into the stalls.

"Nothing. I thought I saw some one who is, I believe, in Africa. Go on. I am listening."

"Let me see—where was I? Oh, I know! That Mr. Dornton to whom you have been kind is engaged to your cousin, you know. Well, he is a very nice young man—clever, well-looking, nice manners, and all that; but I don't think Sir Paul would have chosen him as the perpetuator of the Malling familily."

"Why not?"

The question was put quickly—almost, it seemed, in spite of herself.

Lord Summers's face was all amazement as he digested the two words.

"Why not?" he repeated slowly, caressing his chin as he pondered his answer. "Well, it seems to me that the question answers itself. Who is he? What is he? Whence comes he? Who are his people? What were his father and grandfather—allowing that he ever had a grandfather?"

Pauline moved impatiently.

"Of course he will make an excellent husband for poor little Ethel, for he is bound to come to the front."

"Do you know, whenever you talk of that child, I fancy you regard me as an interloper? I am sure your sympathies are with her."

"Not at all—not at all! You are too sensitive. I am glad to know that Geoffrey's child is not likely to suffer hardship. This Dornton seems a manly honorable young fellow, and will take good care of that pretty little creature. I should not like to think that my old friend's daughter was fated to spend her life in copying from the old masters at the Kensington Museum, as she told me she does now."

It was well for his lordship's opinion of his ward's disposition that she was sitting with her face turned towards the stage during his kindly little speech. He was a shrewd old man, and had he seen the hatred and malice in her eyes when he spoke of Ethel, his previous judgment of her character might have been considerably shaken.

* * * * * *

The next day Miss Malling drove to the Kensington Museum, taking Babette with her. It was a students' day, and the visitors made the round of the galleries in quietness, Pauline stopping in apparent interest by the side of every lady-student. At last she found what she sought.

She passed on until she reached a quiet corner, and then beckoned Babette to her side.

"You see that very young girl in the gray dress with the holland apron?"

"Yes, mademoiselle."

"That is the person whose address I want. Keep her in sight until she leaves—she is too much taken up with her work to notice you—follow her home, get the address, and then go to some of the shops close by and find out her name."

"Mademoiselle does not even know her name."

"I know her real name, but not the one she is going by just now. Whatever you do, don't miss her, even if you have to take a cab to follow her."

Miss Malling returned to her carriage, feeling that she had accomplished a good afternoon's work.

"I may want to get at her yet," she thought, as settled herself comfortably among the cushions of her carriage.

* * * * * *

"I'll not give way! If I stay away one day, I shall want to do it again, and then my copy will not be finished by the end of the month, and Mr. Burroughs will give me a character for want of punctuality."

Ethel uttered this aloud, though she was alone, evidently with the idea that merely hearing the words would perhaps strengthen her waning resolution.

Poor child! Her head ached, and her eyes looked quite pathetic with the heavy circles round them; but she refused to pity herself—in fact, she felt rather contemptuous towards her "miserable want of character," and resolutely plunged her head into a large basin of water, rubbed her hair half dry, and started for the Museum.

Though her head still ached a good deal, the copy made fair progress, and there was no sign of neglect or hurry in the work, her throbbing temples notwithstanding.

She always wore a hat with a rather large brim, when copying, to save her eyes from the light from above, and at the same time shut out most of the room and its occupants from her view, so that her attention was not so liable to wander from her work.

She was engaged on a difficult patch of shadow, and she sighed as she realized the difference between her shadow and that of the old master. At that moment her father echoed the sigh, and followed it up by—

"Too solid—altogether too solid, my dear child?"

She did not turn, being accustomed to these little visits from her father while at work in the gallery.

"I know it as well as you do, dad," she said plaintively; "but how am I to alter it?"

"Suppose we leave the shadow for to-day, and go out into the sunshine for an hour or two?"

"Now, dad don't tempt me to desert the post of duty. If you knew what a struggle I had with myself before I started this morning, how I longed to stay at home and 'coddle' instead of facing my work like a woman, you would not stand behind me, like a modern Mephistopheles, whispering wickedness into my ear."

The busy fingers went on while she spoke, and the heavy eyes glanced backward and forward unceasingly from the original to her work.

"Leave the painting for a few moments, dear; I want to introduce you to Captain Pelling. My daughter!"

Ethel plucked off her unbecoming headgear as she turned to face the unknown visitor. She was greatly surprised at the introduction, her father having kept her in strict seclusion since she left school, a year before; but she was too thoroughly a gentlewoman to show her surprise.

"I taught Captain Pelling the rudiments of sketching before he went on an expedition to Central Africa three or four years ago, and he is so delighted with his own efforts that he wants to carry me right away to Wimbledon at once to see and praise them. I told him I must come in and set your mind at rest first."

"That is scarcely a truthful statement, Miss Mallett," put in Captain Pelling, with a smile. "I don't want praise, but judgment. The expedition I went out with are going to publish the result of our investigations, and they want some of my sketches to illustrate the work. Of course I am highly flattered, but a little bit afraid that the sketches are not up to the standard. When I saw Mr. Mallett in Piccadilly, I thought, 'Here is the man who will tell me honestly if I dare allow them to be published;' and I pounced upon him. And now I have obtained two judges in the place of one. My trap is waiting outside, and I trust you will let me take you both down to my little box. My housekeeper will find us something to eat, and in the cool of the evening we can go quietly through my little pictures and arrange them together."

Ethel looked puzzled. Mr. Mallett—as he still chose to call himself—could hardly conceal the surprise he felt at the adroit manner in which his late pupil had managed to include "the child," as her father still called her, in the invitation; and, seeing that it was addressed to her personally he held his tongue.

Ethel glanced at her rather worn but prettily-made dove-colored gown and her bibbed holland apron.

"I am not in presentable order," she began.

"But you will see no one but the housekeeper and the present company. Show yourself superior to such considerations, Miss Mallett. It will be a positive favor to me, for they are hurrying the preparations forward, and I should not like to be the cause of delaying the publication of the book. At the same time, I dare not place my work before the public until it has been passed upon by a competent judge."

"Take papa; he will do without me."

"No; I am greedy. I want you both."

Ethel looked at her father, and they both smiled.

"Very well; I will come. But papa will tell you I am of no use in a case of this sort."

Ethel leaned back in the well-cushioned phaeton, and listened lazily to the conversation between the two men, her father sharing the back seat with the groom.

Captain Pelling's horses traveled well, and, the breeze blowing right in her face, Ethel gradually lost the depressing pain in her head, and began to feel interested in the places they were passing.

Her new acquaintance guessed she was tired—though he did not know that she had been crying instead of sleeping the greater part of the past night—and left the drive to work the cure. He talked on art-subjects incessantly with her father, only stopping now and again to point out some unusually striking building to the silent little girl by his side.

Ethel felt supremely grateful for all this; and, when at last the horses stopped at a tiny cottage consisting to all appearance entirely of bay-windows and creeper-covered porch, and looking tinier still by comparison with the gigantic elm-trees that surrounded it, she had a slight tinge of pink in her cheeks, and the dark rings had nearly disappeared from round her eyes.

A pleasant middle-aged woman came to the hall door, and Captain Pelling handed Ethel over to her at once.

"Give Miss Mallett a cup of especially good tea, Mrs. Crichton. Give her *Punch* to look at, and make her lie down until a quarter of an hour before dinner. Above all, don't let her talk; she has had a bad headache"—Ethel looked at him in mute surprise—"and it will return if she exerts herself before she dines."

Mr. Mallett looked amused; but the Captain, supremely unconscious of having said or done anything unusual, led the way through the long low hall and out at a glass door at the end.

"This way, miss;" and Mrs. Critchon opened a door, through which she was followed by Ethel.

It was the loveliest room the young girl had ever seen. The walls were a subdued stone green, the curtains and general decorations were of the same color, artistically touched up here and there with gold. There were also very thin delicate lace-curtains at the large bay-windows, of which there were two. There was a soft old-looking Persian rug that covered the whole floor, except a few inches by the walls. The floor of the windows was bare, save for some exquisite specimens of skins of which Ethel did not even know the names. Each of these windows was tastefully and luxuriously furnished. There were two—and two only—very fine paintings on the walls, and the whole room was littered most picturesquely with valuable curiosities brought home by Captain Pelling. The breeze just fluttered the lace-curtains, and the lawn and shrubs outside seemed to harmonize with the quiet restfulness of the room.

Ethel looked round her with a sense of supreme delight. Mrs. Critchton mistook the look, and apologised for the general untidiness of the room.

"You see, miss, Captain Pelling took the house only three weeks ago. He has not been in England a month yet, and he is unpacking fresh cases every day. He won't allow Martha or me to touch his wonderful curiosities, so I am obliged to put up with this dreadful state of things. You will find this large couch more comfortable for a real rest than either of those small ones. If you will allow me, I will throw this light woolen shawl over your feet. Let me raise your pillow the least bit. There"—after carefully arranging it—"that is more comfortable. I will bring this week's *Punch* and the tea in a few minutes."

How good the tea was, and how enjoyable the great quietness and peace seemed to Ethel after the distracting roar and rattle of the London streets! Her eyes wandered from one pretty article to another in this charming room that was nearly all window, and yet was not too light by reason of the well-arranged curtains and blinds.

Her father and Captain Pelling came in sight presently, and paced up and down in the shadow of two large trees that stood at the far end of the lawn. She watched them with half-closed eyes, and wondered lazily what they were discussing with such evident interest. Their voices came to her in a soothing drowsy hum. She wished very much that Jack was out there with them—unkind, thoughtless Jack, who had not written to her for a whole week. In spite of her present content, she fell asleep with big tears trembling on her lashes.

Captain Pelling came through the window by-and-by to look for some cigarettes, and was surprised to Ethel lying there. He had expected Mrs. Crichton would take her to her own sanctum.

He stood irresolute for a moment just inside the window, and then crossed the room to look more closely at his pretty young guest.

"She's as pretty as a picture, and as good as gold, if I know anything about physiognomy. She has a trouble of some sort, poor little child! I should like to kiss those tears away. I wonder what she's worrying about? Perhaps Mallett is hard

up; he seems a careless sort of fellow. I'll see if I can't help them a bit in that direction, and right away."

He found his cigarettes, and went back to his elder guest; but he was not so interested as he had been in Mr. Mallett's conversation, and was manifestly delighted to receive the summons to dinner.

This was a genuine red-letter day for Ethel. She was so intensely interested in the Captain's descriptions of his travels that for the time she was drawn out of herself and her own affairs.

Mr. Mallett too was heartily pleased. This was precisely the kind of hospitality he liked. He was not compelled to speak a word more than he wished, and he sat listening to Pelling's graphic accounts with a choice cigar between his lips, enjoying the exquisite *dolce far niente* of a man who had dined well and was not expected to repay his host by a succession of verbal fireworks.

And Pelling was equally satisfied with his guests. When the evening was over, he was surprised to find how well he had talked, and he felt convinced that successful conversation as often depends on the quality of the listener as of the talker. He was rather ashamed, though, and not a little surprised, to find how much he had talked about himself.

"It's a thing I never was given to; but, by Jove, she led me on! When I looked into her sweet gray eyes sparkling with interest, I seemed to live that business with the Kaffirs all over again, and forgot I had anything to do with it personally. I hope they won't think me an unmitigated cad, for they're respectable people in spite of their present circumstances, I'm certain."

There was not much progress made in the ostensible purpose of the visit, seeing that the "little sketches"—which turned out to be rather good specimens of their class—led the way to so much description that they had looked only at some half dozen before they came to one that created a diversion which lasted until they started for home.

The Captain had been holding forth on the pluck and fidelity of a native servant, at whose portrait they were looking, when Ethel said—

"I wonder you did not persuade him to come to England with you. Your relatives would have worshipped him in their gratitude for having saved your life so often."

"I have not one relative in the world, Miss Mallett," answered the Captain very gravely.

Ethel's glance was full of sympathy.

"I beg your pardon," she put in hastily; "I'm sorry I made the remark."

"Don't be sorry. I'm very glad. I often long to talk a little bit about myself. You can't believe what an awful feeling it is to know that there is not one person in the world who is sufficiently interested in you to care for your private concerns."

"Decidedly unpleasant," murmured Mr. Mallett between the puffs of his cigar.

"You'll hardly believe, Mallett, that this is the most domesticated evening I've spent for the last six years. Jolly hard, when you consider that I am naturally fond of home and all that kind of thing! I was just getting weary of the loneliness of this place; but your being here to-night has changed the whole aspect of affairs. It looks so homelike to see you sitting there as if you belonged to the place Miss Mallett. To-morrow night I shall fancy I see you still there, and be reconciled for a time at least."

"You should marry—best recipe in the world for loneliness!" Mr. Mallett observed laughingly.

"Tried it and found it a failure."

"Eh!" Mr. Mallett sat upright and stared into his host's face; then he sank back into his former position, saying, "I beg your pardon, Pelling, if I have said anything unpleasant."

"Not at all—in fact, if I shouldn't bore you so horribly as to prevent you ever taking compassion on me again, I should like to tell you about my marriage. Sometimes I think it must have all been a dream, it seems so unreal from the fact that I never by any chance speak of it. You see, it is scarcely a subject one would discuss at one's club."

He sat for a moment gazing absently into the garden, which was beginning to look dim and shadowy in the summer twilight, as if he were calling up the past from its gloomy depths. Among the larger shrubs there were already heavy patches of mysterious shade, and the young moon, in a steel-blue sky, was just rising. The whole outlook was impressive in its perfect stillness, and the Captain's manner seemed in harmony with the surroundings. Ethel felt a shiver of superstitious awe pass over her, and the movement seemed to bring back the Captain from the momentary reverie into which he had fallen.

"You are cold, Miss Mallett! Shall I shut the window?"

"No, thanks; I enjoy the fresh cool air."

He crossed the room and fetched a light woolen wrap.

"Put this round you then. You must indeed; I cannot allow you to catch cold on your first visit to me."

There was a slight pause after he had sat down, and again Ethel felt the curious little shiver run over her.

"You don't know what a strange place this world is, Miss Mallett," he began. "Your father loves you, and takes every care of you. If any man were to offer you the least rudeness he would immediately resent it; he shields you from all harmful influence and knowledge; and you have grown up like a little daisy, modest in yourself and ignorant of the flaunting splendor and wickedness around you. You must therefore bear this in mind, and not be hard on the failings of others who have not had your privileges. My wife—poor girl!—had no mother when I first met her, and was totally dependent on her father for society. It was a bad training for a young woman, for her father was a good-natured careless fellow, always avoiding responsibility as long as was possible, and, when at last compelled to show authority, making up by exaggerated harshness for his previous neglect.

"My wife was a high-spirited girl, and could not submit to his alternate fits of indulgence and tyranny. She was about seventeen when I first met her, and her father's treatment was becoming unbearable. She used to pour her tales of woe into my sympathetic ear, until I became desperately sorry for her, and suggested the only means in my power to help her, which was to make her my wife. It was a foolish proceeding, I know; but I was young then, and had not begun to look at life seriously, or I should have asked myself how her position would be bettered by being tied for life to a helpless penniless fellow, as I was then. Well, we were married—privately of course—and for a few weeks thought we loved each other very dearly; then she had another fearful quarrel with her father, and begged me to take her away to a home of her own. I was earning a beggarly pittance at that time by sending home weekly articles on 'English Life in Rome' and so forth to some of the London papers. I explained my position to her, and advised her to wait until I had obtained a certain appointment, of which I was almost sure. She lost her temper—poor child, it was natural enough in the circumstances—and vowed she'd never come near me again. The very next day I was telegraphed for to England. I wrote to her, asking her to be patient for a while, telling her that I would work hard and get a permanent post now that there was a necessity to work, and promising to come back shortly to take her from the cruelty to which she had to submit.

"On my arrival in England, I found that an almost unknown uncle had left me property amounting to nearly three thousand pounds a year. You can imagine how glad I was for my poor girl's sake. I made up my mind to surprise her and personally communicate the good news, so did not write. How I have always regretted that decision! I got through the usual legal formalities as quickly as possible, and rushed back to Rome—only to find them gone! Some told me they had gone to one place, some to another, until I was utterly at a loss what to do. However I traced them, after a month's search, to Naples; and then it was only to find that her father had died a few days previously, and that she had disappeared no one around knew whither.

"You can imagine my misery! There was I in possession of an income sufficient to make us both so happy and contented, while she was probably slaving to keep herself, if not in absolute want. I did not know any of her people, so I was compelled to search single handed. For six months I went up and down like a restless spirit in search of peace. At last I found her—or rather her grave—for she was dead; she had died in a convent, where she had been teaching English. By the help of a lay sister I obtained permission to see her grave. There was a plain stone with her name only and the date of her death, which took place a few weeks prior to my visit. Poor child! I cannot convey to you how great a blow it was to me, and my grief was not lessened by the fact that she had died an enemy with me."

"We must hope she forgave you although you did not see her," Ethel said quietly.

Pelling did not answer, and there was silence for a time. It was a relief when Mr. Mallett spoke.

"She must have been a most unforgiving disposition to resent your poverty so bitterly and to nurse her hatred to her dying moments."

"I don't think she did that—indeed the chances are that, in her poor little way, she was looking for me as anxiously as I was for her. It was one of those strange fatalities that human foresight seems utterly unable to prevent."

He rose and shook himself, as if wistful to put away the memories that had crowded upon him while speaking of the long-silent past.

"You will think me no end of a bore for annoying you with all this history; but, if you can imagine the relief it has been to me to speak of it and you have any kindness in your hearts, you will forgive me for the infliction. Now we will have the lamps and *recevoir a nos moutons* in the shape of sketches."

"Not to-night, I think; it is already past ten. We have to get back to town, and I have a long day's work before me to-morrow."

"But my poor sketches? I have it! You must come down and spend a long day with me on Sunday—that can't interfere with your work. What do you say, Miss Mallett?"

Ethel looked perplexed. She had hoped against hope that Jack would return every Sunday since his departure, and went through a torment of expectation as the day wore on. This had taken place for the last three Sundays; but she still went on hoping.

Her father, recognizing the difficulty in which Ethel found herself, came to the rescue.

"Ethel is thinking that Sunday may not be her own to give."

"You have friends coming? Will you think me unpardonably intrusive if I ask you to bring them too? I have no friends of my own to ask, except the fellows I have been in Africa with, and I am honestly tired of their society for the present. I know I am not conforming to ceremony in making this request; but you must accept me as half a barbarian since my long stay in the wilds of Africa."

"If Ethel can arrange matters, it shall be as you wish. I can't say more; for it is not my affair, but hers."

"Thank you very much." Then, turning to the old housekeeper, he said, "The lamps, if you please, Mrs. Crichton, also some brandy and soda, and a little port-wine negus for Miss Mallett. Tell Jim to put Marjorie to the dog-cart and get ready to drive Mr. and Miss Mallett back to town. And Mrs. Crichton, bring that dark-blue scarf thing with the hair fringe down from my room to wrap Miss Mallet in; it will be cold driving."

Ten minutes later the Captain stood alone at the gate, watching the dog-cart disappear down the road. He lighted a cigar—his first that evening—very methodically, puffed at it thoughtfully, and said to himself—

"So it's Ethel's 'affair.' Well, I hope they'll come and bring Ethel's 'affair' with them. I shall be better able to judge of my own chance after I have seen my rival."

CHAPTER V.

IT was a day or two after Ethel's visit to Wimbledon that she sat reading a curious letter with which was enclosed a sheet of paper bearing only these words, "My darling Ethel," at the top. The letter accompanying the blank sheet read as follows—

"Your lover cares for you no longer. His honor and his pity for you alone keep him to his given word. He makes light of you to others. Take the remedy into your own hands. He consented to leave the letter he commenced writing to you, which is enclosed, and even laughingly gave it to another woman."

Ethel did not quite believe all this; but she believed enough of it was true to justify her in giving Jack an opportunity of freeing himself from his engagement. She decided that she would not worry her father, but would act for herself. Acting on this decision, she wrote—

"My dear Jack,—You have now been away the three weeks which you decided, before starting, was to be the outside limit of your stay. As yet you do not say anything about returning, but, on the contrary speak of your work as being likely to keep you for several weeks longer. In the three weeks of your absence you have written me four letters, and these have evidently been an unwelcome task. Do you guess what I am going to say? I wish I were sure you knew, that I might be saved the pain of writing the words. I think you have found out that you do not care for me in the way you thought you did, and your sense of honor alone in keeping you to the letter of your engagement to me. I have reasons of which you know nothing for believing this to be the case; so I am writing now to say that perhaps we have both made a mistake, and that, if you are willing, our engagement had better come to an end.

"Please don't think I blame you in any way; it was only one of those mistakes that everybody is liable to make.

"Ever your sincere friend,
"ETHEL MALLETT."

Poor Ethel! How she cried over that letter! How she hoped against hope that Jack might not be willing to end the engagement! How carefully she read the words through to be sure that she had not definitely settled the matter—that, in fact, she had done only what she intended—given Jack a chance of accepting his freedom if he wished for it!

Had the matter-of-fact little epistle arrived at a more favorable moment, had Jack had leisure to read between the lines and discover the wounded pride and self-respect that had dictated every word, his manhood might have asserted itself in Ethel's favor. As it was, Jack read the letter impatiently at first; but, as its meaning dawned upon him, he turned back to the top of the leaf and read it again, assured himself of the unequivocal nature of the offer of freedom, thrust it into his pocket, and went off whistling energetically to meet Miss Malling at the station on her return from town.

Pauline saw at a glance that something had happened, and, knowing what she knew, guessed shrewdly what that something was. She had not been five minutes in Jack's society before she felt a subtle difference in his manner towards her.

There was something—she could not tell what—in all he said and did that conveyed the impression of his intention to do and dare all that was possible to win her. There was a bolder glance from his eyes, a more determined pressure of the hand, as he helped her from the carriage, than he had ever ventured on before, and she felt instinctively that, unless she meant to marry this young man, she had better seek safety at once in absence.

And yet the masterful manner rather strengthened than lessened her feeling for him. She had for the last six years been so accustomed to be humbly worshipped and adored that there was a delightful sense of freshness in Jack's "stand and deliver" style of proceeding.

"I am so glad to find you still here, Mr. Dornton," she said at luncheon, glancing at him bewitchingly between the leaves of a palm-plant. "We were so afraid that you would not have been able to endure a fortnight of this terribly dull place, and that we should find you gone. Weren't we, Mrs. Sefton?"

"You forget that Mr. Dornton has had a real occupation to make the dulness endurable. His life is not passed in killing time, as yours is, dear."

"To be sure! I had forgotten to ask how the pictures have progressed?"

"The view of the house from the wood is finished as far as I can finish it here. The rest of the work I must do in Newman Street."

"That is where your studio is, is it not? I should so like to see some of your completed pictures. Will you ask us up some day to look at them?"

"Any day you please! Say the day after to-morrow?"

"No, no! I cannot go back to dusty London again as soon. I expect my first batch of visitors on that day, too. At last I shall be able to do something in the way of entertaining you, Mr. Dornton, and show my gratitude to you for enlivening our solitude in the past."

"You are too kind. But I have made arrangements for returning to town to-morrow."

"Nonsense! You speak of arrangements in such a serious way that one might imagine you had a wife and children who would be fancying you were killed on the railway if you did not appear at the expected moment; instead of which you are that enviable creature—a man without a tie."

The words were said carelessly and lightly enough, yet Pauline's heart throbbed from fear that he might contradict the assertion. She paused an instant, dreading his reply. He made none; but a dull red crept slowly up his face to the roots of his hair. She read this sign to suit herself, and went on—

"That being the case, as you have no one to claim your presence as a right, why not favor me with it as a pleasure? I should advise you to stay, Mr. Dornton. There are some really charming people coming on Thursday whom you should know."

"I shall be only too glad to stay; but I should not like you to think I stayed to make fresh acquaintances. If I stay it will be because you ask me, and because it will be such a real pleasure to me."

"Now that is very nicely put; and the affair is settled. Will you show me what work you have done in my absence?"

"If you two are going to talk 'art,' I shall retire and help Babette."

Mrs. Sefton was the embodiment of discretion, a very model for lady-companions. She walked away cheerfully, and Jack followed Miss Malling to the picture-gallery.

They were standing in front of the easel on which Jack had placed his painting of Mallingford House. It was a charming picture. The glaring brilliancy of the original was toned down by the intervening branches and foliage of the background.

"You must do me a copy of this, Mr. Dornton," said Pauline, "as a memento of that first morning when I found you asleep in the wood."

"And awakened me!"

The words were simple enough; but Jack threw a great deal of expression into them, and his eyes conveyed a world of meaning.

Miss Malling flashed a glance at him as she asked—

"Did I wake you? It was quite unintentional on my part."

"And involuntary on mine."

Pauline fearing that the conversation was getting beyond her control, turned quickly and caught up the first picture that came to her hand from the open portfolio.

As was to be expected, Jack had spent many of his spare hours during the last lonely fortnight in painting her portrait from memory; and it was this that she caught up in her nervous haste.

"Oh, Mr. Dornton!" she exclaimed, in rapturous tones. Even her vanity was satisfied, and she blushed genuinely at the lovely picture Jack had made of her.

"I am sorry you found that. You will perhaps think it gives presumption; if so, I can destroy it. I can't wish it undone, for it has given me so many very pleasant hours."

"Presumption? No, indeed! I feel astonished at the truthfulness and the flattery you have managed to combine in the picture. Of course I have often been told I am a good-looking woman; but I don't think I am anything like that."

"Then I may keep it?"

"Yes; if you will keep it only in your studio. You will not exhibit it?"

"Can you think it?"

"I cannot understand how you could paint a picture like that from memory."

"Then you cannot understand what memory is."

After that there was an awkward pause. Pauline half wished to hear Jack say that he loved her, and yet she half dreaded it, for she had not yet made up her mind as to how she would answer him. She was quite sure she loved him; but then in her history there were certain facts that compelled her to follow the counsels of prudence rather than inclination. She was rather afraid just now that inclination might become too strong for her if she gave it full reign much longer. But she was like a child playing with fire; for, though she knew the danger attending such a pastime, she could not bring herself to give it up. She flattered herself that Jack would not dare to declare his love without more open encouragement than she had yet given him, and, woman-like, she hovered about the

dangerous edge, neither advancing nor receding, and almost wishing fate would take the matter out of her hands. Her wish was fulfilled sooner than she had anticipated.

Jack showed her his sketches one after another, and they were discussed, criticised and replaced.

As he put the last one back into the portfolio, he turned and addressed her abruptly. With such impetuous force did his words flow that she was compelled to listen to the end.

"With regard to my staying here, Miss Malling, I did not care to discuss the matter further before Mrs. Sefton at luncheon; but I must do so now."

He drew a deep breath, and clenched his hand firmly on the back of a chair. The beginning sounded so very business-like Pauline suspected nothing near the truth of what was coming, and turned to him in quiet surprise. He did not however give her time to speak.

"I cannot—I dare not stay without telling the truth; for, if I allow my feelings to become any stronger than they are, and meet disappointment in the end, I'm afraid I shall not be responsible for my actions. Miss Malling, I love you—madly, passionately; I love you! While I am telling you this, I know the chances are that you will presently turn your back and say, as you leave me, 'Please quit my house at once;' yet I now tell you, because I cannot stay in your presence with safety another hour unless you give me some hope. I have loved you from the moment I woke and saw you that morning in the wood. You will say that is not very long; to me it is a lifetime. I never lived until that moment. I shall never live again if you send me away. If you do not crush me with the weight of your scorn, if you will give me one little word of comfort, of the faintest hope, I will make for myself a name of which you will be proud. Don't think me boastful, for I feel that your love will endow me with such strength of purpose, such force of will that all obstacles must give way before them."

His face was very pale when he ceased speaking. Pauline stood near him, the color coming and going in her cheeks, her eyes fixed on his face; but she said never a word. When he spoke again, his words came slowly, hesitatingly, and his voice had a stifled sound, as if choked with despair.

"You have no answer for me; but you do not tell me to leave you! It cannot be that, Pauline; heart of my heart, queen of my soul, you love me!"

His last words died away to a whisper of intense rapture; and, as Pauline felt his arms encircle her, his kisses on her lips, she forgot all the shadows that lurked in the past, forgot all the questionable means she had employed to attain this end.

She only knew that she loved him with all the force of her passionate nature, that she was loved in return; and for the moment there was in her heart as supreme a joy as was ever felt by woman.

CHAPTER VI.

FOR some reason Pauline Malling was in a very irritable state of mind. Perhaps she was regretting the moment's impulse that had prompted her to accept a nameless young painter, after refusing offers by the dozen.

From whatever cause it arose, Miss Malling's temper was certainly very much ruffled this afternoon. She sat in a low chair in her dressing-room, an hour before dinner, looking the personification of angry beauty, her brows drawn together in a line and her lips cruelly set, reminding one strangely of the tigers' heads on the hall chair-backs, though where the likeness lay it would have been hard to determine. Babette, too, seemingly had a weight on her mind.

She crept about her work, laying out Miss Malling's elegant evening-toilet with a subdued air very different from her usual noiseless activity. Babette was doing her best to get through her duties, when, as ill-luck would have it, memory for a moment asserted itself, and brought before her a picture of a pretty black-eyed little urchin tossing from side to side in his small cot and crying out her name unceasingly as he refused the cooling drink offered by a hand he did not love.

The maid sobbed.

Miss Malling raised her eyes from their contemplation of the carpet, and looked in dignified surprise at the young Frenchwoman. Noting for the first time the signs of tears on her face, Miss Malling felt very angry.

Was it not enough that she was worried? How dared this creature add to her disquiet by coming there and crying—absolutely crying over her work?

"What, in Heaven's name, is the matter with you, Babette? Pray don't let me have any weeping and wailing. If there is one thing that exasperates me more than another, it is a crying woman."

"Pardon, mademoiselle; the grief overcame me malgre moi. I would not for a moment worry you with my trouble. I did not intend to speak myself; but, as you have noticed my sorrow, I will make bold to tell you that I have a little step-brother, the only being in the world who is related to me, and I have here a letter telling me he is very ill, and that he asks for me night and day."

The poor girl's voice broke for a moment; but she rallied and went on.

"If mademoiselle could spare me for just enough time to get to Boulogne and back to the pauvre petit!"

"And what am I to do in the meantime?" Pauline asked idly. "Of course you can go, if you like; but you need not come back. And do not trouble to apply to me for a character; for I shall certainly refuse to give you one if you insist upon leaving me in this sudden manner. I am surprised you should ask me such an insane thing, when you know the house will be full of people the day after to-morrow. I could not possibly do without you. Pray don't say another word about it, and please leave off crying."

Babette moved away to the far end of the room, wiped her eyes, and stood for an instant quite still, repressing the sobs that shook her frame.

"If my little Pierre dies without seeing me, I will never forgive you—never! I will watch for a chance of doing you a great harm; and it will come if I am patient," the girl thought.

Had Pauline heard the muttered words, she would not have felt so complacent at getting over the difficulty of doing without her maid.

After dressing Miss Malling and making the dressing-room tidy, Babette passed through the picture-gallery on her way to Mrs. Perkins' sanctum for her usual cup of tea. Thinking everybody must be downstairs, she stopped at Jack's easel and looked at Pauline's picture.

"So you think all the world is made for your pleasure? You are too high a lady to trouble yourself with your servants' affairs; but perhaps they will trouble themselves with yours, madame! I have seen you flinch and shrivel up strangely sometimes. People don't shrivel up for nothing, unless they have a fear of something; and, if they have a secret fear, there must be something bad to cause it. If my little darling die without the comfort of k'ssing his Babette once, it will be your fault; and all my life long I will watch, watch, to try to repay your cruelty to me and him!"—and she looked as if she meant it.

Jack, who had stopped until the last moment finishing his rather difficult letter to Ethel in his own room, was struck by the intense hatred in the woman's face as he opened his door, wondered for the moment what could have caused it, wished the next that he could call it up at will and use her as a model for a fiend, and the next forgot all about it: for the last bell began to sound, and he hastened downstairs. Throwing his letter on the hall table, he hurried into the drawing-room to make his peace for being late.

Babette had her quiet cup of tea with Mrs. Perkins, and, with a plentiful shedding of tears, wrote to the woman who had charge of little Pierre, to say that she could not come to her darling just now. The letter was full of loving messages and promises, and the girl's heart felt very heavy as she put it into the bag.

She had taken it into the hall herself, knowing that everybody was safe for the next hour in the dining-room. There was another letter lying there ready stamped to post; she took it up carelessly, recognized it by the red seal as the one Jack had had in his hand when he passed her in the gallery, and stood transfixed with surprise as she read the address.

"The address of that pretty demoiselle that I followed home from the Museum by her orders! Well, there is something in this! Why, if she wants the address of a lady who is known to Monsieur Dornton, does she not ask him, instead of setting me to follow her like a policeman? I shall have that to find out!"

"Babette, I want you," Mrs. Perkins called from the door that shut off the servants' quarters.

Something in the voice, some subtle touch of sympathy, struck Babette's quick ear. She turned so sharply that Mrs. Perkins had not time to conceal the black-bordered letter she held in her hand.

With a heart-rending cry poor Babette started forward and snatched the letter from her.

She was a quick, impetuous, and unreasonable creature; she did not stop to consider that she could not have reached the child even if Pauline had given her instant consent.

She remembered only that her mistress had been cruel to her in the time of her trouble; and she registered a vow that, if there was any shameful secret in Pauline Malling's past life, she would hunt it out and humiliate her.

* * * * *

Mrs. Sefton, nodding over her work in the drawing-room, wondered what Pauline was talking about for so long a time with Mr. Dornton in the garden. She began dimly to understand that Miss Malling was going farther than usual with the young man, and wondered whether her beautiful friend was going to throw herself away upon this penniless nobody.

And Jack and Pauline, forgetful for the time being of everything and everybody in the universe but themselves, paced slowly up and down the terrace, stopping occasionally to lean for a few minutes on the stone balustrade. Yet, even on that, the first day of his happiness, Jack felt dissatisfied; he had an inward consciousness that something was wanting in himself.

Though his love for this glorious woman was more absorbing, more intense than his feeling for Ethel had been, his better nature forced him to acknowledge that this was altogether a lower type of the divine passion, that respect and reverence were entirely absent from it, and that the increase of his love did not compensate for its lack of ideality; nevertheless his love-making was very satisfactory.

"You are sure that you have not deceived yourself—that you really love me enough to make this sacrifice for me without regretting it in the time to come?" he asked softly, knowing beforehand what the answer would be.

She put her head against his arm, as she answered—

"Why do you talk of sacrifices? I am making none. Can you not understand that, when a woman loves with all her soul, as I love you, nothing that she does for the man of her choice can be looked upon as a sacrifice? If she loses everything, yet keeps his love, is not her loss rather her gain?"

"My noble, generous darling!"

"Not at all. If anything, I am more selfish than generous in this matter. All I did was to accept you when you asked me to be your wife, and so make myself the happiest of women. Oh, Jack, you can't understand what my misery would have been if I had not had the opportunity given me!"

Jack pressed her still closer to him, and was silent a while. His next remark rather startled his love.

"I must go up to town to-morrow and see Lord Summers, and tell him of the honor you have done me."

"Why must you?"

"Because it is the only straightforward thing to do: he is your guardian."

"At present—yes, to a certain extent. But this is the end of July, and on the seventeenth of September he will no longer have a shadow of authority over me. Why not wait until then to announce our engagement, and so prevent the possibility of unpleasantness from any one?"

"You think, then, he would really object?"

Pauline flushed uncomfortably as she remembered her guardian's remarks on this subject.

"I don't know; he might. You see, my uncle, Sir Paul, had such a very exaggerated notion of the importance of our family and the first object of his will was to prevent my committing the mistake of marrying for love. If I acted up to his wishes, I should either marry for the good of the family name or not at all. Don't let us talk about that part of the business. I shall be my own mistress in September, so your love and patience will not be put to a very severe ordeal. Let it be as I wish. We can keep our love for each other to ourselves until then. Afterwards——"

The pause was eloquent.

"Afterwards?" Jack repeated, bending slowly towards her. "How soon afterwards?"

"That shall rest with you."

"You really mean that?"

"Yes."

"Then I should say the last day of September."

"So soon!"

She caught her breath quickly.

Jack, leaning close to her face, heard the gasp, but could not judge if it was caused by joy, fear, or merely surprise.

"My darling, I will not force your inclination; you shall name your own time."

"No; it may just as well be soon as late. At any rate, there can be no drawing back then, and I shall be at peace."

Jack felt somewhat puzzled.

"You do not think I shall want to draw back?"

"No—oh, no!"

"Do you think it probable that you might want to draw back if you were given more time? Because, if so——"

"No—a thousand times no! Don't speak in that distressed way, Jack; you hurt me. I don't know why I said that. I know only one thing, that I love you beyond all else in the world, that I cannot live without you; and I will not risk having you harassed or annoyed by lying gossip. People will say you are marrying me for my fortune, if they have time to recover from their surprise, and that is why I should like our engagement not to be published until within a week or two of the wedding-day."

"And what is your own opinion, Pauline?"

"On what?"

"As to my motives for asking you to marry me."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A CHINESE LYNCHING.—Just outside the west gate of the Shanghai city is a small hamlet where lived an old man and his son. The latter made it a practice of calling upon his father for cash whenever he was in want of it, until the thing got rather monotonous for the father, who remonstrated with his son, and being saucily replied to, the father attempted to apply "paternal correction" on the son; the son, in rage, then caught hold of the door bar and brought it down with such force upon the father's skull that he cracked it and killed the old man. The neighbors, hearing the row, assembled at the door of the house where the murder was committed and captured the son as he was endeavoring to escape. The members of the father's clan were then called together, and at a solemn conclave it was decided to administer on the spot the law set aside for parricides, instead of appealing to the magistrate, which invariably causes much delay, and perhaps the murderer might effect his escape in the meantime. So the parricide was bound hand and foot, and just without the hamlet a hole was dug and the wretched murderer consigned to its depths. The mud was thrown into the hole and the members of the clan stamped by turns on the grave until it was level with the ground, and so, without leaving a mound or any mark to point out the parricide's grave, the assembled crowd dispersed very silently to their daily vocations. The above occurred not longer than a week ago.

MAN is borne along on the tide of life like a straw, and, considering all things, is not of much more account.

Bric-a-Brac.

SILK.—The fibre of silk is the longest continuous fibre known. Accounts are given of a cocoon yielding a fibre nearly three-quarters of a mile in length.

DUST OF THE EARTH.—The Indians in Oregon hold that it is a violation of their religious ordeal in land; that the Great Chief made them from the dust of the earth and, after they wander on its surface for a certain length of time, they return to its bosom, and again become part of the elements of the earth. Dealing in land they regard as dealing in their own flesh and blood.

A DANGEROUS POSITION.—At the Court of Siam the present head-cook is a lady, the sister of the king's physician. Having prepared the food destined for the royal table, she seals it up in separate packets and sends it across the river to the palace, where it is handed over to the king's "taster," who eats successively from all the dishes, twenty or thirty in number. It may readily be guessed that the post of taster falls vacant very frequently.

ENGAGEMENT RINGS.—In Poland the stones of engagement-rings are chosen according to the month in which the engagement is made—the ruby for July, the pearl for May, the sapphire for January, for March the turquoise, which it is believed will turn green upon the inconstancy of the giver. The emerald, given in June, is for fidelity, and Russians expect to have one emerald among the wedding-gifts from the husband, as it is the omen of certain happiness.

THE TORTOISE AND SNAKE.—Tortoises and snakes are intimately associated together in Chinese mythology and records of natural history, and hence one of the commonest emblems current in China, and a very favorite ornament, is a tortoise encircled by a snake. About 1122 B. C. these animals were chosen as emblems of martial security against attack, from the defences which nature has given them in the shell of the one and the scales of the other, and to the present day flags bearing a device in which they both appear as emblematic of this idea are usually carried by troops in the field.

RICH.—The following are the estimated incomes of the four men who are reputed to be the richest in the world:

	Duke of Westminster.	Vanderbilt.
Capital	$80,000,000	$175,000,000
Per year	4,000,000	7,500,000
Per month	300,000	676,000
Per day	10,000	15,000
Per hour	450	800
Per minute	7	18
	Rothschild.	**Mackay.**
Capital	$200,000,000	$275,000,000
Per year	10,000,000	13,750,000
Per month	850,000	1,000,000
Per day	25,000	35,000
Per hour	1,000	1,500
Per minute	20	25

SHOOTING LOGS.—An ingenious way is adopted in Nevada for getting logs to market. A chute is laid from the river's brink up the steep mountain to the railroad. The logs come down the declivity with the speed of a thunderbolt, and somewhat of its roar. A track of fire and smoke follows them—fire struck by their friction with the chute logs. They descend the 1700 feet of the chute in fourteen seconds. In doing so they drop 700 feet perpendicularly. They strike the deep water with a report that can be heard a mile distant. Logs fired from a cannon could scarcely have a greater velocity than they have at the foot of the chute. The average velocity is over 100 feet a second throughout the entire distance, and at the instant they leap from the mouth their speed must be fully 200 feet per second.

THE EDIBLE CRAB.—The edible crab is obliged to moult or cast off its shell many times during its life. This moulting appears to be an unpleasant ordeal to pass, for the crabs often die during the act. When we see that they are not only obliged to escape from the carapax or shell, but also from the hard covering of their legs, delicate mouth-parts, and even gullet—turning themselves inside out as it were—it is not surprising that they perish during the ordeal. The crab crawls up into some secluded nook or cove in shallow water to moult, out of the way of its hard-shelled relatives, for the helpless, newly-moulted, or soft-shell crab, if found, is devoured by them, as well as by several species of fishes. Fortunately for the crab, the soft covering hardens rapidly, and in a few hours it has a new and strong armor, and it then goes fearlessly out into the deeper water.

EELS.—"I do not know how eels breed," says a writer on fish. "I have seen people who said they had seen the spawn and other parties who said they had seen young eels nearly ready to hatch. Like yourself, I have opened them, from day to day, at all seasons of the year, and never have seen any young eels or spawn. My opinion, is they hatch in salt or brackish water and go up the streams when they are small. They can go up any dam or fall when they are young. They crawl up the dams and falls, clinging to the rocks under the sheet of water the same as an angle worm would. They would go up any fall, no matter how high, if they got there before they were five inches long. There are plenty of eels in Lake Ontario, but none above, except they have been transported or got up through the canal. They are so large when they get to Niagara Falls that they cannot get over; they are so heavy they fall before they get to the top."

ONLY FRIENDS.

BY B. L. TENSEN.

Calm was the night in that still autumn weather,
And calmer still and colder were the twain
Who, parting then, might yet have kept together,
If pride had not been stronger e'en than pain.

There were no bitter tears, no sighs of sorrow,
No sad reproaches uttered at the end;
And, should they meet, years hence or on the morrow,
'Twill be with courteous ease, as friend meets friend.

Oh! mocking words for those who once loved madly,
Henceforth to be mere friends, not less, not more;
Deep in each heart a death knell sounding sadly,
For love deemed deathless in glad days of yore.

Not more than friends; the voices must not falter,
Lest broken tones betray a vain regret;
And on the lips the forced smile must not alter
To show how, 'neath that mask, grief's lines are set.

Let them take heed, lest any word be spoken
To rouse some ghost from out the buried past;
Though the dear ties that bound them once are broken,
A strange spell lingers yet and holds them fast.

Not less than friends; but, all the friendship offered
Seems of such little worth, now love is done;
'Tis hard to take the hand thus coldly proffered
And feel the tender, thrilling touch has gone.

Gone with the day, when just one word was needed
Those heavy clouds of pride and doubt to lift;
But all in vain love's dying voice had pleaded;
Now far apart each lonely life must drift.

And she will never know, at their next meeting,
How hard he fought an outward calm to gain;
Nor will he see, beneath the friendly greeting,
How her true heart still yearns to him through pain.

THE Mystery of Glenorris

BY MARY CECIL HAY,

AUTHORESS OF "NORA'S LOVE-TEST," "OLD MYDDLETON'S MONEY," "FOR HER DEAR SAKE," "DOROTHY'S VENTURE," ETC.

CHAPTER XXI.—[CONTINUED.]

"BEYOND all doubt," he said, with haste, obviously afraid that some regret in his tone had made her, as heir-at-law, ill at ease. "He always wrote to me during his life. He knew himself that death had seized him, and the letters were posted to us after his death. I have since received full particulars of his last hours, and I possess the proofs of his death; you can have them at once, or at anytime. No, Miss Glenorris, your inheritance is safe."

And then the kindly anxious face was suddenly suffused with color, as he grew conscious he had made a great mistake in attributing her anxiety to any fear for her own inheritance.

"Mr. Glenorris made a will, did he not, Mr. Ozanne?"

"It is said so. Indeed, Miss Glenorris, I believe he did, during his wife's lifetime, make a will disposing of his property in the event of his son's death, and evidently knowing nothing of his heir-at-law; but surely," continued the little old gentleman his mild blue eyes very round, "he destroyed it!"

"You believe he made it?"

"I do, though I cannot feel sure. To me a great argument in favor of his having made it is the fact that he was very irritable on the subject. But what matter? There is no will now, is there?"

"You believe he destroyed this will?" asked Joy thoughtfully.

"I don't know," said Mr. Ozanne, with his hand to his head. "He was certainly not the sort to destroy what he had made; but I suppose he did. I hope he did. Indeed"—energetically—"I believe he did, for, if he had not, certainly young Pardy would have discovered it by some means before now."

"Was he the kind of man to hide a will he had made, do you think, Mr. Ozanne?"

"No, no! And yet he was so changed! Perhaps he did. You see, if he made it at his wife's request, and had scruples of conscience about destroying it—why, he might have hidden it! Certainly I used to think it might be lying undiscovered somewhere; but now, after knowing Norman Pardy had opportunities of searching, I can think so no longer—no longer," he added conclusively, as he scrutinised the brave young face opposite him.

Joy smiled, reading the motive of this sudden confidence of his; and then, as she was unable to give him any other reason for her curiosity, in her ready way she changed the subject.

"Will you never come to Merlswood again, Mr. Ozanne? I should so like to feel you, who cared for the old place once and for Wilfred Glenorris, would care for it again and for the cousin who—unfortunately for so many—had to take Wilfred's place."

"Don't say that!" cried the little clergyman, with real distress in his very round blue eyes. "I have not cut myself off from the old spot, as I should have done if the old name had given place to another. I dread seeing it again; but I never lose knowledge of it. I put Meredith in only temporarily—as he thinks—and they all like him, though not as they used to like Nelson years ago, when I——"

He broke off suddenly, though with no discourtesy, and brought out wine and biscuits. The girls took the refreshment, seeing it would vex their brisk little entertainer if they refused; and then Mr. Ozanne asked them if they would give him a few minutes longer, and look round his place to see how a very little garden had been arranged and cultivated to seem very extensive.

It was so evidently a delightful task to the erratic little gentleman to exhibit his domain that they consented at once; and he tripped before them and around them with the nimbleness almost of a squirrel.

"All in four acres," he said, laughing, just after he had suddenly vanished, to reappear the next minute above their heads over a mimic precipice in the maze—"and all done by myself and another old gentleman," he added, revelling in their mystification.

After walking for a long while in twisting shut-in paths, the girls found themselves, as it were, in a miniature fragment of the Highlands, on the shores of Loch Katrine. There was a tiny boat-house beside the lake, and Mr. Ozanne darted through a little door and shut himself into this, soon after which, with a grating noise, two doors over the water flew open, and out glided a small boat in which sat the Lady of the Lake herself.

She rowed herself slowly across the lake and back again into the boat-house, from which Mr. Ozanne emerged with a hollow pretence of being cool and serene, and unconnected in any way with the working of machinery. He led the girls over a pretty little bridge which crossed the lake, then went into a cave where sat a chained gorilla.

The chains rattled when they entered, and the animal turned two glaring eyes upon his visitors; but Joy noticed that Mr. Ozanne had laid one hand carelessly upon the side of the cave.

"Cut," he remarked, smiling, "out of the trunk of a tree."

Treading the circling and mysterious paths, they were again and again startled by coming unawares upon some living creature, as they thought—now a snake creeping towards them from behind a tree, now a fox peeping from a very dark hole, and at last an elephant's head emerging from a great recess.

"All out," cried their whimsical little entertainer, with a laugh at their surprise, "out of uprooted trees!"

Following the winding paths on and on, past miniature waterfalls and rustic seats with quaint inscriptions, they reached what must in reality have been close to them all the time—a swimming and a shower bath, each with a little dressing-room upon its brink.

"And this," said their little guide merrily, as the girls looked into the clear depths, "was once the filthy waters of the marsh."

Farther still, as it seemed, though they knew now that they were moving in a circle, they came upon a model of the sun and earth and major planets, all made to scale and moving in their just orbits.

Mr. Ozanne did not offer to take the girls into the church which he had built; and, when they found he spoke of it with great gravity, quite differently from this toy-house, they would not ask to go.

"I make the service as varied as I can," he said, momentarily lifting the broad gray hat from his beaming face as he spoke. "All we human beings need change; and even the best and wisest of routines is apt to weary our poor souls. I know how I have myself to struggle against it."

* * * * *

The fast train for the West was slowly steaming out of the Paddington terminus next morning, when Joy Glenorris, looking absently from the carriage window into a train advancing slowly beside her, saw a face which startled her oddly, making her shiver with the slow remembrance of a time past.

For this was the face of a man who had been her step-father's servant in his soldiering days, and was with them in Perthshire when—— Suddenly a keener later memory killed this old one.

Surely this was the man of whom Gervys Lester had told her—the man who had called himself Mortimor, who had been Miss Beton's suitor, who had lied and said that he saw Gervys Lester enter the house on the cliffs at the very time the murder was supposed to have been committed there!

He was not like the man she had heard described; so no one would have recognised him as Mortimor. Ah, but she remembered him! If only she could have been on the platform!

"But, at any rate," she sighed, in deepest gratitude, "he is not in another hemisphere; and—it can be done by the detectives."

"Joy," asked Anne anxiously, "has anything frightened you?"

"I will tell you afterwards," the girl whispered.

In the Torquay station Miss Glenorris glanced round her with a half-wistful recollection of her first arrival there, when the gloom of her reception threw so dark a shadow over the bright mystery of her future; but almost instantly a certain excitement of which she seemed the centre apprised her that this arrival was a different event; and, looking out, she found the explanation.

There stood awaiting her the magnificent old chariot which, in her childish pique, she had had renovated and beautified, the four perfectly-matched bays, the two postilions in jackets and caps so picturesquely designed from her own liveries, and Roland and Oliver matched as perfectly as the horses were.

"Why, Keats!" she cried, amazed, the shy color burning her cheeks.

"Yes, ma'am," said Keats, bursting with suppressed gratification, "I arranged it with Eddowes before I left; it is but right, and will—make up."

Even the marked significance of those last two words failed to make his young mistress smile.

"Oh, Anne, as if I had really meant it!" she faltered, when Miss Klenon followed her into the luxurious perfumed carriage. "I would rather have even that shabby old barouche—to-day, of all days!" she added hurriedly, her eyes troubled, for she had caught sight of Gervys Lester entering the station.

"Forgive me if I detain you a minute, Anne. I see Mr. Lester, and I want to tell him what I will tell you presently."

And so, almost before Miss Klenon had settled herself, Joy had left the carriage and joined Lester, her servants waiting with the air of comprehending nothing beyond their own deportment.

"Mr. Lester," the girl said, seeming perfectly at her ease, though the shy pink flame still burned in her cheeks, "may I take it as a good augury that the only one of my tenants who was absent on my first arrival here is the only one present to-day—because it is he whom I want really to see?"

"You have returned from London then?" he queried rather unnecessarily, lifting his hat, but not offering his hand.

"I went beyond London," she explained, as she walked beside him to the deserted end of the platform, he slackening his measured soldierly step to suit hers, "and I went about that possible will of Mr. Glenorris's."

"Bury that myth," he entreated hastily. "No will exists that can change anything for you."

"I think it—may exist," she said, in great earnestness; "but I was not thinking how it could affect me—only whether it could give us a clue to——"

"It could not," he asserted, in his firm prompt way.

"But what I wanted to tell you, Mr. Lester, was that I have seen Wellings—my step-father's servant once. Was it he who was in Eastmouth and called himself Mortimor?"

"Yes, he."

"Then please," she cried, with beautiful excited eyes, "write to detectives at once! He was in a train that entered Paddington Station to-day just as ours left it. I saw him, and knew him in a moment as Wellings, with short hair and shaven face. Perhaps he thinks no one will recognize Mr. De Mortimor, who had a beard and long hair, hadn't he?"

"Yes."

"Oh, I am so glad I saw him! You will write or telegraph at once, won't you? Do you know I half suspected the man hadn't left England at all; and so did Miss Beton, I think. Did you?"

"No; I thought he had. I gave him the money on purpose to go."

"You?"

It was the only word she said, and her eyes were lowered in the shock, so that she could not see his face. There had been long minutes of silence between them, as they walked to and fro upon the deserted platform—two quiet figures, yet never two to be unnoticed—before he spoke again.

"You know why I would say nothing when we met unexpectedly on that first evening after my return—at least, I think you know why, though you could never guess the blow it was to me to see in your face a dread of hearing what I might say."

"Not what you might say of your absence," spoke the girl, with hurried breath. "Perhaps what you might say of—of other things I dreaded, when I saw how you looked at me."

"Was I, in my surprise, dunce enough to look expectant?" he queried, with swift irony. "What have I ever received from you to warrant my expecting anything at your hands, Miss Glenorris? If you can spare me a few minutes," he went on presently, "I will tell you what I might have told you that evening. Shall you object to keep that sumptuous retinue of yours waiting for five minutes?"

"Not for fifty," she said, with a feeling of unreasoning and senseless rage against her splendid and conspicuous possessions.

"I had written to Mortimor—as he called himself, refusing to give him certain money he asked as the price of his promise never to seek your presence, but consenting to pay his passage out to America—his alone, for I had no idea any unhappy woman had consented to be his wife. You understand?"

"Yes."

"Then that is all I care for. But there are two or three other things that I should like to explain—to you only. That handkerchief of mine, of which so much seems to have been said, I myself tied round Miss Porch's neck on the night before Miss Nelson's wedding-day."

"I knew it!" cried Joy, remembering nothing now of her vague discomfort in seeing those two together.

"Yes; you said so at the inquest—as I read," he went on quietly; "but you could scarcely understand. Miss Porch was asleep when I did it. I found her close to the door of Merlswood—asleep."

Joy drew a deep long breath of gratitude, but was silent, not even echoing the one word which had lifted an intangible weight from her heart.

"She haunted Merlswood even in her sleep, so thoroughly was she possessed by that feverish suspicion of hers about a will! Poor girl! It was a chilly night, so I ventured even to risk awakening her by tying the handkerchief. Then I walked beside her to guard against any accident that might occur."

"I remember," said Joy, with almost sobbing breath. "I noticed you were not very near her, and never seemed to speak, though you looked at her often. I remember that I thought it strange."

"You would, if you saw us," he said, indifferently as it seemed. "I dreaded the awakening for her, and the consequent discovery of my forced and unwelcome companionship; but that was prevented. At the gate of their cottage I saw her sister, in the greatest alarm, not knowing in what direction to begin her search; so, with only a silent greeting and sign to her, I walked straight on, feeling my change was safe. The handkerchief I never saw again. Next night"—he had stopped for a minute, but for his listener waited—"after I had left you in the conservatory at Merlswood, I went to the Moat, for I had determined to tell Miss Porch something which I hoped would put an end to her great restlessness. I knew I must do it that night, as I was leaving Devonshire next day, having postponed as long as I had any right to do so, for Miss Nelson's wedding, an appointed business interview. I found the younger sister in the verandah, just as the man said, and she asked me almost pitifully to go in; but Miss Porch, whom I found walking to and fro in the little sitting-room, turned to me coldly on my entrance, and bade me leave her. I attempted to tell her what had brought me, but she would not hear; and I felt sure then that she had learnt and was resenting what she might consider my intrusion of the night before. I was very sorry for this failure, and, perhaps I had been in a disagreeable unquiet mood before. In any case, I was tempted by my own restlessness and by the beauty of the night—perhaps you remember it—to try an old relief of mine, and take a long solitary tramp. With my bag I left the farm quietly not an hour after I had entered it, and I walked down to Dartmouth, and just caught the early train from there; so I must have run through here just when my absence was becoming a surprise. But I journeyed farther than London; so I was not heard of there; and, almost as soon as I reached the house of the friend with whom I had business, I fell ill. It may have been the consequence of that dip into the sea on the night before; but no matter what caused it. The fever kept me prisoner there week after week, tended with a kindness no act of mine can ever repay; and, as my friend took no papers, I had no knowledge of what was occurring here. Few will credit that, will they? But it is true. And, even if he had them, it would have been a long time before I should have been allowed to read one."

"Then now," cried the girl, with a great longing in her eyes as they sought his, "you can contradict all those—suspicions."

"What can be contradicted?" he asked a little wearily. "I did enter and leave the Moat as that man said, and there is only my word that I lent that handkerchief. Besides, I did pay for him to leave England."

"But," she cried, uttering rapidly her clear absorbing thoughts, "you must have paid before—before that night, before you knew what evidence he could give? They will understand! You will tell that?"

"No; I posted the letter in London as I passed through. Never mind," he added gently. "I think a man may live down any calumny."

"But they will understand! They must!" she cried, bravely still, though her face grew pale as death. "There is so much you can deny!"

"Joy," he said, with all his heart in his steadfast eyes as he looked down upon her, "I know the hour exactly, even the minute I think, of every incident of that unhappy night. If I told anything, I must tell all, and sooner than set that right the world shall shun me all my life. Come"—with sudden change of tone—"how unconscionably I detain that most distinguished equipage!"

"You mean," she said, below her breath, as her sad gaze held his, "you would let the world shun you all your life rather than deny what I have said. I understand. Now shall we go? I—would not—detain—that most distinguished equipage."

CHAPTER XXII.

"NOT dance, Miss Glenorris? The idea is preposterous, impossible!"

Sir Hussay Vickery, who had been anxiously awaiting this young guest, had hastened to take immediate possession of her on her arrival at Coombe Castle, and Joy, too accustomed to his exclusive attention for it not to be at all times natural to her, put her hand within his arm.

But her refusal to dance was quite unhesitating, while she loitered with him, looking frankly and inquisitively among the guests; and, when she presently sat down to contemplate at her leisure the brilliant scene, she became at once the beautiful centre of a group.

"Not dance!" echoed Lawrence Nelson, in amazement, after her reply to him. "It is—is—absolutely outrageous!"

"Not yet" she quietly affirmed, and repeated the tranquil refusal to others.

"Not dance!" cried one or two; but she only looked up demurely from her couch among the orange-trees.

"Not yet. I am comfortable here, at present, thank you."

It was most obvious that she was in earnest; and so her eager little court waited and increased, and was content to look at her

and talk and listen. Had not all now the words and smiles? whereas, if she had danced, each would have had but a chance of one dance with her.

And certainly there was no dulness in the group. Even those who knew her best had never seen Miss Glenorris quite as she was that night, not talking overmuch, but skilfully giving the conversational ball just the right touch just at the right moment and just in the right direction, which was not by any means flinging it where it was expected, lightly turning a conversation that threatened to be heavy, as well as giving a touch of earnestness to one that threatened to become trivial, and always doing this naturally, which is, after all, one of the greatest charms of conversation.

Her little court waited about her cheerfully, all save Sir Hussay Vickery, who was so bent upon having her to himself that his efforts were indefatigable. He had made up his mind once more to-night to lay his fortune at her feet, and no trifle, such as a girl's whim, should turn him from it.

"If you will not dance," he whispered at last, the lowered tone not concealing his great eagerness, "will you not walk with me?"

"No," she said, for the hundredth time, with a slow shake of her head.

"There are the new orchids to show you," he pursued unweariedly. "You know you love botany."

"No," she answered lazily — "only flowers."

"Will nothing interest you?"

"Yes, I am interested now," she said, though he knew her too well not to miss something in the eyes that wandered to and fro among the dancers. "I like to hear all that you and others tell me, how you had heavy bags to-day, how large the coveys are, and how wild and strong the birds are on the wing. Did you not know that interested me?" and, as she spoke, she turned gracefully and serenely to decline a waltz with Mr. Norman Pardy.

"But surely, Miss Glenorris," he said gently, "I have been very patient. It is time to reward me. You are not going to deny us all? It would be positively eccentric; and eccentricity is utterly unlike you."

"No, very like me," she corrected, looking up tranquilly into his face.

But his speech, even more than her host's persistency, won Sir Hussay his way at last. Joy rose very slowly from her luxurious nook, and put her hand within his arm.

"At last!" he said, with a deep-drawn breath, as they strolled on. "I thought I never was to have you to myself. Those men seemed to have settled themselves to lounge there all night."

"Will they?" asked the girl indifferently.

"Of course not now; but they would have done so if you had stayed, and I began to think you meant to do so, you, our star to-night, without a rival! But, as you see, dear Miss Glenorris, I have unlimited patience."

The girl looked round into the broad handsome face so nearly on a level with her own, and with a shudder recalled how differently a man looked "grown patient with great pain."

Then she must have fallen into a long thought as they sauntered on, for suddenly she became aware that her host was once more offering her his hand and his possessions, his heart, as he affirmed, having been hers since he had first met her, and was for her benefit apprising her of the homes he had to offer her in each of the United Kingdoms.

"But," the girl said, coming slowly from her vague dream, "I have an estate of my own, and quite as much property as I want, indeed I have."

It was but in nature that his smile should be a little ironical.

"But trust me, Miss Glenorris, that I know how exquisitely you would adorn a wider, higher field."

"Oh, no!" she said, smiling now. "If I ever marry, it shall be some one who has no estates, so that he may appreciate Morlswood."

It did not chance that Joy looked into her companion's face as she spoke, so she could not see the glimpse of real alarm behind his genially contemptuous smile.

"Miss Glenorris knows too well what is due to herself," he said, "and we all understand her too well to imagine she will ever be influenced by a fortune-hunter—— You are not listening to me," he broke off suddenly. "You are purposely feigning an interest in who comes in."

"Not feigning," she declared readily. "It is a real interest; and I was listening, Sir Hussay. You said you understood me, so of course you understand that, if I were married, it would be to a man who, instead of having five estates, as you have, has not one—not even the house he lives in."

"You are jesting. Of course I understand that perfectly," muttered Sir Hussay, trying in vain to guard his tones from any betrayal of his overweening impatience; "but even in jest, you go a little far, Miss Glenorris."

"But it does not signify," said the girl lightly, "for I shall never marry."

"You, never marry?" Sir Hussay echoed leading her into one of the bright little rooms opening from the long oak-panelled dancing-hall, and pausing before a tall Venetian mirror. "Look, and tell me, if you can, that there is iron will in that white form to keep all men from winning it."

He fancied afterwards that he must have expected her to turn coyly from the glass, and blushingly avoid the contemplation of herself, because it so surprised him to see her gravely fix her eyes upon the white full-length figure looking so gravely back at her from the wide framework of rock crystal.

"Well?" he asked, laughingly breaking her silence, as he gazed at the original still more intently than she gazed at the reflection. "Did even your own mirror ever show you anything so lovely?"

"No, it could not," she said, "because this is the first dress Worth ever made me."

"It is not Worth's doing," he declared, too bent on his desire to have any appreciation of a possibly humorous side to the question. "It is an exquisite dress, and I never saw even you look more lovely; but ——"

"I thought it pretty," Joy observed, in a cool debonair way; "but this," taking up, by its amber handle, a wonderful fan of long white ostrich feathers that hung from her waist—"I thought looked too large for me, and too like the stage; but, as Worth sent it with the dress, I supposed it must be all right."

"Yes, Worth knew," the Baronet said, wondering at a sudden change in her face, and never guessing how far away her thoughts had flown in one instant on hearing the remembered air of the Bien-Aimee valse, "how to compose a perfect picture."

"I do so hate praise!" she said, with the quietness of real truth, as she turned from the glass, her heart filled with the memory the music brought.

"I believe," he asserted, with sudden petulance, looking into the eyes that never changed for word of his, "I woo too humbly. I believe men succeed better when they do not much care. Even if it is only pretence, it is more successful than outspoken adulation. Some old fellow says quite truly—

> "'Follow a shadow, it still flies you!
> Seem to fly it, it will pursue.'"

"That is such a wise idea—such a good idea!" cried the girl delightedly. "You know the rest?—

> "'So court a mistress, she denies you!
> Let her alone, she will court you.'

Oh, do try it Sir Hussay!"

"Yes I stand such a very good chance, of her courting me!" he said, with a despairing glance at the beautiful spirited face, "if I left off my part, I should so very soon be courted by you—of course! I wonder"—searching for a solution to this inexplicable indifference to him—"has any one at any time tried to prejudice you against me by any—falsehoods? My life has not been like a girl's life, of course; but there has been nothing to raise a barrier between us. And remember what Lester was saying the other day—a man gives his wife his future, not his past."

"I remember," she said; and he never understood why at that moment she touched his hand so kindly. "I have heard nothing of your past life; I had no thought of that. Never mind Mr. Lester's words. But—even he will acknowledge that sometimes husband and wife might like to pause together and look backwards—equally without fear."

"We could," he answered fervently—"we could indeed; and no man could love you as I——"

"Do you think, Sir Hussay," she asked gently, "that we can judge how others love? I believe that if I—really loved, I should feel quite sure, all other woman loved, exactly the same. Now do let us go back into the hall."

"And you will dance with me?" he queried hopefully, for even this refusal, was far from final in his eyes.

"First of all, I want to talk a little to Miss Nelson."

But Theresa Nelson's first words rather startled her.

"Where is Mr. Lester?" "Not arrived, has he?"

"Oh, yes; I spoke to him long ago! He went into the tower-room just after you and Sir Hussay had gone in; so of course I thought you had been together."

"No," said Joy, slowly lifting the white feathers of her fan, but leaning back on the great ottoman, the picture of unconcern.

After a time another question began to be asked—

"Where is Sir Hussay?"

"My dear," said Lady Vickery, joining Joy with quite perceptible annoyance, "where is my son?"

But, although Joy seemed to have been with him last, she could give as little information as any of those who passed the question on—Where could Sir Hussay be?

"I wonder," said Eliza Nelson, coming up to them, looking very pretty and happy in nemophile gauze, with a coquettish feather rosette on the top of her head, "where Larry is?"

"Is he too missing?" asked Miss Glenorris, with a smile.

"Yes, mother told me he was; but I could not believe it until this moment, for I felt sure he was to be found near you. It is not like him a bit to be long absent from you."

"Nor," said Theresa, "is it at all like Sir Hussy to be invisible to his guests for so long. Is it, Miss Glenorris?"

"No," she answered quite cordially.

"Joy," whispered Theresa, guessing that Sir Hussay's absence just now might not be a pleasant topic to her, "Iza wants to tell you something, and she scarcely knows how. It happened this afternoon."

"I know," said Joy, with a bright smile for Eliza.

"Oh, Joy," she whispered, blushing vividly, "I wish all girls were as happy as I am to-night!"

"It's too big a wish," Joy answered, with a glance at Mr. Meredith, who stood at a little distance from the couch where the girls sat, keeping back one or two gentlemen who had been about to disturb them.

"I knew you would be glad for me," said Eliza wistfully; and Joy roused herself suddenly from the wondering thought of what Gervys Lester saw or heard when he followed her and Sir Hussay into the tower recess.

"My dear," she said, "of course I am glad—more glad than I can say! But what will not the parish expect of you when you are its clergyman's wife? Don't begin with Dorcas and mothers' meetings, and clothing and coal clubs, else what will the parish not look for before you are old?"

Of course her listeners knew that this was folly; but one of them knew too that she struggled against a strange unnatural restraint. Fortunately Mr. Meredith, guessing what had been told her, came and begged her to walk. She went with him readily, wishing to give him glad and friendly sympathy; and they strolled up and down in the long entrance-hall. Presently Sir Hussay came downstairs, fresh from his dressing-room, but out of breath a little, followed by Lawrence Nelson. There were many idlers and promenaders in the hall; but he came straight to the tall young figure, so prominent in its snowy dress.

"We have had a poaching affray," he explained, with a laugh, as he encountered a general questioning. "Ellis came to inform me that the keepers were sure there were poachers in the west wood, some of the same gang, Holt believed, that infested that wood last year. It is too well stocked with game for a man to submit tamely to those scoundrels' depredations, so I determined to go out myself too, and, as Lester had heard, he volunteered at once, and Nelson joined us."

"Where is Mr. Lester?" asked Lady Vickery, looking round.

"Gone home, we imagine. His dog-cart is still here; but he is great at walking, and I believe he would rather walk to the Glen Farm in the night than face you ladies if he looked disreputable after the struggle, for we had just time to get thick boots and slip on overcoats, and we have had a tussle, I assure you!"

"Sir Hussay and I have had a scrimmage to make ourselves presentable," put in Lawrence Nelson; "but those handsome fellows like Lester won't run the gauntlet of ladies' criticism under disadvantages."

"A tussle!" exclaimed two or three voices.

"Oh, yes! I forbade any of the keepers discharging their guns; but Holt did it, and wounded one rascal in the face. I had him carted straight off to be charged to-morrow morning with the offense; but some had armed themselves with fold-stakes, and they made a desperate resistance. It took us all to overpower them; and now I'm wild to think that the biggest scoundrel of all has eluded us—young Bowden of the boat house down in Testy's Cove."

"Bowden!" exclaimed the curate, in genuine surprise.

"Yes, Bowden," asserted Sir Hussay testily. "Do you want to persuade me I'm mistaken in the man, as Lester did, telling me he is an honest fisherman, and lets my game alone? I tell you he is the most inveterate poacher in the country. Holt surely ought to know, and he swears to him. I only wish we could have caught him in the act to-night, instead of seeing him escape; but I shall have him arrested in the cove to-morrow."

"But if he is innocent?" put in Joy involuntarily.

"No chance of that, Miss Glenorris; and no fellow gets on the blind side of me by mock piety and industry. I have no doubt they frequently try it upon you; but I hope you let no rascal take you in."

"No, no rascal," said the girl coolly.

"I'm so sorry Lester felt it necessary to leave," said Lawrence, "for he had had no fun before we went."

It was just then that Ellis opened a door at the back of the hall, and Gervys Lester came in, not fresh from Sir Hussay's dressing-room by any means—dusty, muddy, even torn at one wrist, his hair dishevelled, his eyes ablaze with exercise and excitement.

"In your steward's office, Vickery," he said, "three of your men have got the fellow who escaped us to-night."

"Bowden?"

"No, not Bowden, though certainly very like him in build and beard. This is an Eastmouth man named Carter, a muscular sinner of the lowest type, ing is second nature—dexterous, too, with his wrists and shoulders."

"Then," said the Baronet, frankly offering his hand, "I beg your pardon, Lester, for my flat contradiction. I felt so sure it was Bowden, as Holt said so."

"Yes; I saw you felt sure—it was natural."

"Thank you," said Sir Hussay, being a perfect gentleman. "Which men caught the scamp?"

"I did."

"You?"

"Yes; I was determined to be satisfied about Bowden. I got him only through the accident of being a little lighter and fleeter than he."

"But to secure him was not through the accident of being a little lighter and fleeter than he."

"No; but I got him down, and so had only to grip him till my whistle brought your men. They have him now, and I have come in to say good night to Lady Vickery."

Joy heard many voices urging and even entreating him to stay, and Sir Hussay begging him to accept his man's services; but she stood aside, looking very pale in her snow-white dress, yet her pulses throbbing with absolute pain.

"You have not had even one dance, Mr. Lester," fretted Lady Vickery.

"No, but I never intended to dance."

He looked at Joy as he said it, but only by chance, as it seemed, and with a grave calm glance. Then he bade good night, and for a moment the brilliant scene faded before the girl's beautiful sad eyes. But presently, a touch upon her shoulder, she turned her head with feigned indolence, knowing it was to meet the shrewd and anxious criticism of Anne Klenon's loving eyes.

"Are you tired—not well?" Anne questioned rapidly; while Doctor Calmady, who had brought her up to her cousin's side, watched Miss Glenorris keenly.

"Why?" asked Joy, with the same slow nonchalance, the easiest cloak just then for her suppressed emotion; and she lifted her great fan and examined her face anxiously in the tiny glittering mirror in its centre, while no one guessed how she struggled to attain the composure which seemed so natural. "I see. The dress—as I always said—is too white."

"Not one atom," declared the little physician; and, as he had not raised his eyes, the words made Joy smile.

"Is it a pleasant ball to you, Anne?" Joy asked.

"Oh, I have my grain of enjoyment," Miss Klenon answered, welcoming the smile and answering it, "if only in feeling you are wishing for it! But you know I am always out of my element here, more or less. I should not have come, Doctor Calmady, but that Lady Vickery kindly made it such a point that we all should. I believe she dreaded Joy's eluding her if she did not anxiously include all her—hangers-on. What do you think?" Anne added hastily, conscious that she had fallen into the old bitterness of tone. "Kate's vis-a-vis in the last set of Lancers was—her husband."

Even Doctor Calmady looked up, and Joy's gaze was untranslatable.

"It is true indeed," added Anne, in a low annoyed tone. "He came down with some London friends. You should have seen Kate when she looked up and saw him opposite. She had just been telling me of her 'sensations.'" Anne stopped, with a laugh. "I know it is a pity they were ever separated, for they are beautifully of one mind in most things."

"Do you think he can race her round in a waltz as I can? Ah, they won't leave you with me, Miss Glenorris!" smiled Doctor Calmady, as the girl gently refused all invitations to join in the minuet. "It is not to be expected. What—what fortunate men!" he whispered, with a smile. And presently, to relieve her from the worry, as he thought it must be, he led her into the quiet dimly-lighted palm-house.

"I am—so sorry," he remarked, "that Mr. Lester lost this evening's entertainment. He needs a diversion such as this now."

"Yes," said Joy mechanically.

"He thinks, I suppose," resumed the little physician, "that he is living down this wrong. I say it will live him down. A man, however brave, cannot hold out against the world's black looks—eh Miss Glenorris? Then comes hopelessness—weariness—unhappiness—a failure which must kill the bravest."

[TO BE CONTINUED.)

GEMS AND INSECTS.—Curious old gems are the scarabs or beetles, which were carved by the ancients, and the one which we are about to describe is over three thousand years old. It was taken from an Egyptian mummy, afterwards found by an American gentleman who was traveling in foreign climes. He purchased the stone, and on his return to America brought it with many other antiquities and curiosities. After having it in his possession for a time, he presented it to a friend who had the strange old stone set as a ring. This rare and curious gem is of sard, or carnelian, partially opaque, carved, as its name implies, in imitation of a beetle on one side, and on the other, in most delicate tracery, a pair of scales. This stone, which is very plainly set in gold, revolves on a pivot, thus enabling its owner to have whichever side he may please turned outwards. It is valued, however, more for its great antiquity than for its beauty, but there is a peculiarity about it which at once attracts attention.

Stones of various kinds carved as beetles were very generally used by the ancients as jewels, some strung as bracelets or necklaces, others worn as amulets.

These scarabs are usually pierced through their length, that they may thus be set on pivots for rings, or jewels of various kinds, as the one already described. They were greatly prized by the ancients, the carving, in some instances, being extremely delicate, in others of a ruder style. Scarab, or scarabæus, was regarded as a sacred emblem by the Egyptians, Phœnicians and Etruscans, and a species of scarabæus sacer was looked upon by them with great reverence, hence it name.

There are several thousand species of beetles, some exceedingly ugly and almost repulsive in appearance; others beautiful for their brilliant coloring. Some are so formed that they can dig far down into the earth, where they do much damage to vegetable growth; others, called Scavenger Beetles, subsist on various kinds of refuse matter, and are of great use in removing such substances. Another species is far more dainty in its tastes, for it feasts on flowers, instead of such coarse substances as its neighbors, the Scavenger Beetles. Thus we see that these insects are useful and curious, and the strange old gems which were carved in imitation of them in times past may well be prized for their great age as for their curiosity.

WHEN THE STORM IS OVER.

BY RITA.

The sun may cease its shining, dear,
The birds forget to sing,
And o'er the earth the angry clouds
Fierce winds and rain may fling:
But when the storm is over, dear,
The birds will come again,
And sunshine bright will fill the place
Where darkest night has been.

The fairest, sweetest roses, dear,
That grow along the way
May only bloom to turn to thorns
Before another day:
But thorns that are the sharpest, dear,
Some hidden sweetness hold—
Perchance ere long they'll bloom again
As brightly as of old.

The heart may grow a-weary, dear,
With burdens, cares, and fears,
And Life, that once had meant so much,
May hold but griefs and tears;
But noble are the victories, dear,
When grandly, bravely won,
And sweeter is the final rest
When work has been well done!

DOUBLE CUNNING.

BY GEO. MANVILLE FENN.

CHAPTER XLII—(CONTINUED.)

"IT'S all right, Mr. Gentles," said Sheldrake, nodding and smiling at his victim; and Range gave way, submitting to the miserable indignity to the very end.

But he could talk now without danger of being cut, and he said quietly to the barber—

"You will leave here as soon as you have finished shaving me?"

"Yes, sir, to be sure, sir, and I hope to come again often. That's it, sir—there, it doesn't hurt a bit, does it?"

"No. Now listen to me. I wish you to bear witness that I am a gentleman confined here by these scoundrels."

He kept his eyes on the group as he spoke, but no one moved.

"For the sake of money, they keep me here a prisoner."

"Do they, sir?—one moment, please. I haven't quite done that side."

"They wished me to pay them a large sum for my release, and they keep me shut up under the pretence that I am mad."

"Disgraceful, sir!" said the barber, calmly shaving away, and removing long patches of lather at every stroke.

"Yes, it is disgraceful," continued Range quietly; "and I ask you, as soon as you are out of this house, no matter what they say, to go straight to the police station and give information of my position."

"How's he getting on, Arthur, old fellow?" said Sheldrake, coolly. "Ah! I'm quite sure you will be much more comfortable."

"Oh, yes!" said Mewburn. "One can apply cold-water bandages to your head so much more easily, and have it bathed so nicely."

"Listen to me," said Range. "They are only speaking to throw you off the scent. They have told you I am mad, I suppose?"

"Mad?" said the barber, laughing. "Oh, dear me, no, sir! Mad? Why, what put that in your head, sir? Hold still, sir, please—forehead a little more down."

"I believe they have told you I am mad, but I am as sane as you are, friend Mr. Gentles."

"To be sure you are, sir. Anyone could see that at a glance. That's better. Now we shall do it."

"I tell you I am perfectly sane, and I beg that you will get me help. You shall be rewarded to any extent you like. Get me help and free of these men, and you shall name your own reward."

"Thankye, sir. Very kind of you, I'm sure," said the man, scraping away.

"They did tell you I was mad?"

"Mad, sir? Oh, dear no!" he replied. "They said you'd been ill—nasty brain fever, and that sort of thing; but mad, sir? Lor' bless your 'art, what would be the use of them telling me that, when I could see with half an eye, and hear with half an ear, that you are as right as ninepence? There, sir, now you're as smooth and comfortable as a gent need wish to be. Ah! sir, it's a pity the old custom don't come in again of gents keeping their heads shaved, and always wearing wigs. It's a nice clean way of keeping the head, sir, and good for trade; and now you've took to it once, sir, I prophesy as you'll never leave it off again."

"Will you deliver my message at the police station, my dear fellow?"

"Message, sir? What about? Your being kept shut up here?"

"Yes, yes!" cried Range, eagerly. "You need not feel afraid of these men. They dare not resent it. Go at once."

"Certainly, sir. To be sure I will. Anything to oblige a customer, sir. Good-morning, sir, good-morning, and if anyone tells me that you're mad, I shall know what to say."

The little man backed towards the door, followed by Sheldrake, whose hand was in his pocket, and then, as the door closed, Range let himself sink back and closed his eyes.

Pannell and Mewburn were in the room, but their backs were towards him, and they were talking in a low voice, so that the prisoner was able to muse for some minutes without interruption, and this he did with his heart sinking lower and lower, and a very dull sense of despair overshadowing him.

It was plain enough; he had been branded mad, and everyone would believe it. That barber had calmly listened to his words with his mind made up.

In the little fellow's eyes he was a fierce lunatic, with half-lucid intervals, and all the time the shaving was going on the little plausible dunce had been playing Polonius to his Hamlet, fooling him to the top of his bent.

Police station! Information! He would pocket his fee, and, without word of warning from Sheldrake, go back to his shop, and chatter to every fresh customer about the young mad gentleman up at the Red House, and how good and patient his friends and the doctor were with him.

Yes, they had him at an advantage, but if they thought they were going to win they were mistaken. His position was enough to drive him mad, but he would escape, and set them at defiance yet.

Just then Sheldrake entered the room, smiling blandly.

"Ah! my dear boy, how much more cool and comfortable you must feel. What do you say now to a little game at cards?—without cards, you know. This seems to me to be a favorable opportunity for settling up that little affair of ours. No hurry, my dear boy; but you are so much better now that it is a pity to keep yourself back from having a change. Come, what do you say? Will you write to your agents, and have that trifle settled on us at once?"

Range's face became fixed and hard as he looked full in Sheldrake's eyes.

"Oh! just as you like, my dear boy; there is no hurry. I only named it now because I fancied I observed that one idea of yours was knocked away—a fancy that you had only to speak to make any number of people believe that you were quite right—a proof this to me of your insanity."

"You scoundrel!" roared his victim; "if you and I were on fair terms somewhere together, I believe I should kill you. Give up? Never! You shall not touch a penny of my money. I know all your plans, and I'll fight it out and defy you. Yes: give me the chance, and I believe I should kill you, and feel that I was doing a good act."

"Oh, doctor, doctor!" said Sheldrake; "this is very sad. I'm afraid you will have to try your lowering plan."

"No, do!" interposed Pannell. "Give him time, and he'll think better of it by-and-by."

Range glanced at the big fellow half wonderingly. Something had evidently been discussed between them to which, whatever it was, Pannell objected; and there was a very honest ring in the man's voice—an earnestness in his manner—that was very genuine.

"Ah, well! we'll see," said Sheldrake, smiling; "we'll see. I only thought it would be so much better for our dear brother to take his dose of medicine at once. As he will have to swallow it, I felt that it would save him pain and trouble to get it over; but there is no hurry—no hurry. Fasten those sleeves, Jack," and he moved towards the door.

"Going to leave him like that?" said Pannell, nodding his big head towards the bed, and then stroking and fidgeting his beard about in an uneasy way.

"Do him good" said Mewburn, very quickly.

"Do you think so, doctor?" said Sheldrake. "Oh! I think you might let him off, and give him a bit of exercise."

"Oh, yes! What's the good of tying him up like that?" cried Pannell.

"Just as you like," said Mewburn, glancing involuntarily at the windows and doors.

Pannell waited to hear no more, but unfastened the various bands, slipped off the waistcoat, and as soon as this was done the party left the room.

CHAPTER XLIII.

CARLEIGH TRIES THE CHILLED SHOT.

CARLEIGH wisely refrained from taking further notice of the dog, and Bess was soon too much interested in the search for coveys out in the open to pay more heed to him. Like her master, she was tolerant of his presence, but she could not be friends.

The morning was glorious. The sun had not yet mastered the vapors that veiled the valleys here and there; but out in the open it was rapidly drying the pearl-hung spiders' webs, and drinking the glistening iridescent dew that spangled every strand.

There was an elasticity in the air that was delightful, and as they entered the first turnipfield, where the broad-spreading leaves that brushed their boots were dazzling in their sheen as if frosted with gems, Sir Robert exclaimed—

"There, thank goodness, I'm an Englishman, and at home. You can't see a sight like that at the Cape, Master George."

"No indeed, sir."

"Well, look out, my lad: you'll have a chance to try your chilled shot that you were bragging about. I'm content with the old-fashioned corns."

"But they are very penetrating, sir; and ——"

Bang bang! and then bang bang!

Carleigh and Sir Harry had both fired as the first covey rose with a tremendous whir close to their feet, and their birds fell and were retrieved.

"Good beginning!" cried Sir Robert, as the party stopped to watch the rest of the covey till the birds ceased their whirring flight, and, ending in a long skim, dropped in a clover-field some two or three hundred yards away.

"Your turn next, Bob," cried Sir Harry, as they separated and trudged on through the turnips till the setters started a fresh covey: and this time Sir Robert had a shot and missed.

"Eyes going, Harry!" he shouted very loud.

"Stuff!" was the reply; and on they all went, with more or less success, for the next hour and a half, when, the estate on one side of the woods having been pretty well gone over, it was settled to cross through a dense piece of coppice to the fields upon the other.

It was a patch of a few acres extent, all young wood that had sprung up after the woodman's axe had been busy cutting poles and faggots, and in the low underwood several coveys were known to have taken refuge.

"Beg pardon, Sir Harry, but it will be strange and bag shooting in the copse. If we walk it through and beat it like, we shall send the birds into the corn stubble lower down."

"Quite right, Burton!" exclaimed Sir Harry. "You, Bob, take the right: I'll take the left. You light infantry, with Burton, scratch through the middle. I would not fire, George."

"No. All right!" cried Carleigh; and, after arranging their little force as above, the dogs were sent in, and Carleigh took the middle, with the boy who held the retrievers back on his left, and the keeper on his right.

The open patches were here and there interwoven with brambles, and these and the dense growth made the walking very laborious; while, to make it worse, the ground was cut up into deep hollows and gullies, with masses of stone every here and there, to trip up the unwary who did not watch his feet.

Before they had gone many yards there was the whir of one covey, and then of another directly after as they waked the birds up and sent them skimming out of the wood towards the open, where there was a chance of seeing them later on.

A low whistle uttered from time to time ran backwards and forwards along the line—uttered by each of the party to show his whereabouts; and in this way, roughly keeping the line, they had about half crossed the coppice, where it was wildest, most rugged, and full of brambles, whose tough shoots caught in trousers and leggings, and scratched the boots.

Then up went another covey—a large one evidently, by the whir and whistle of the wings.

"How are you getting on?" shouted Sir Harry.

"Capitally!" cried Sir Robert, from the extreme right.

"Rough walking!" shouted Carleigh. At that moment a solitary bird flew up, followed by another; and then there was the report of a gun, a rushing, scrambling noise, and a wild shriek as of a man in mortal agony; and, lastly, utter silence for a moment or two.

Then came the loud rustling of twigs and leaves being beaten aside, as if people were forcing their way over from right and left.

"George—where are you? For Heaven's sake, what's the matter?" cried Sir Harry.

"Here, where are you?" shouted Sir Robert. "Hi! Burton! Carleigh! what's wrong?"

"Here, boy," panted Sir Harry, coming up to where the lad stood, white and scared, with one dog tugging at the leathen thong. "What is it?"

"Some 'un shot off his goon," cried the boy.

"But who—who—where are they?"

"That awa-aya," whimpered the boy. "I see the smook go oop over theer."

"This way, Bob!" shouted Sir Harry; and the thick growth rustled and crackled as the brothers forced their way onward towards where a fresh rustling began; and together they came upon Carleigh, struggling up, gun in hand, from a ditch-like rise half concealed by brambles. He was hatless, and his face was pale, save where it was covered with blood, which trickled down, and was smeared across one cheek, while his hands were scratched and cut, especially the one that still held his gun in hand.

"My dear boy," cried Sir Harry, "you are hurt. How come Burton to fire?"

"Burton!" said Carleigh, in a dreamy way, as he held his hand to his head, and stared at Sir Harry as if half stunned. "No: it was my gun that went off. I caught my foot and pitched in there—my head is hurt."

Sir Harry glanced at his brother, who looked back in a horrified manner, as just then a piteous howl rose from the bushes a few yards away.

"I—I'm afraid, my boy—you've hit one of the dogs," faltered Sir Harry.

"That be Bess yowling," cried the boy, running in amongst the bushes, with Sir Harry close at his heels, Sir Robert and Carleigh following, the party coming directly after upon the body of the keeper lying face downwards in the dense undergrowth, his arms extended, and his gun beneath him, while with her fore-paws upon her master's back the great dog was scratching at him and howling dismally.

"I'd have given all I have sooner than this should have happened," cried Sir Harry.

As he spoke he threw down his gun, dropped upon his knees, and pressed the leaves and twigs aside.

"Right through the shoulder," continued Sir Harry. "Handkerchiefs, both of you, or he'll bleed to death."

With the readiness of one who had seen many a wound, Sir Harry, aided by his no less skilful brother, tore off the velveteen jacket, after slitting it with a knife, and began to plug and stanch the horrible gun-shot wound.

"Boy!" he cried at once, "run back to the house and tell one of the men to gallop off for the doctor. Never mind anything else."

The boy dashed off.

"Oh! George, my lad, this is a sad morning's work," continued Sir Harry. "Don't stand there in that dazed way, boy, but run off for help—laborers, and tell them to bring the first gate they come to."

"Will—will he die?" said Carleigh, hoarsely.

"God knows!" replied Sir Harry.

"Run."

"That's right, Bob," he continued, as Carleigh threw down his gun and ran off. "A little lighter. He's bleeding terribly; nearly the whole charge gone through. That's better. Now I'll hold him up. Give him a few drops of whisky from your flask. That's the way. Pray God they mayn't be long!"

"I think we've pretty well stanched the bleeding," said Sir Robert, who was kneeling down beside the injured man, now supported upon his master's arm and knee.

"Pretty well, Bob; but I'm afraid of an artery. What a horrible misfortune! Hush! he's coming too."

For poor Burton's eyelids quivered, and he uttered a low groan.

At that moment Bess, who had been standing shivering, and looking from one to the other, crept forward to give the keeper's face a lick, and whined dismally, ending with a sharp, angry bark:

"Sam, my lad, take a few drops more of this.

The keeper heard Sir Harry's voice, and looked at him in a bewildered kind of manner.

"Drink, my lad. It has been a bad accident, but help is coming, and all will be well."

"Yes, drink, my lad. That's better," cried Sir Robert. "Keep a good heart, my lad, as we soldiers have to do."

"Am I going to die" said Burton, very slowly.

"Die? Heaven forbid, Sam, my good fellow!" said Sir Harry. "No, no! We'll pull you through."

"If I'm dying," said Burton, faintly. "I should like to say a word or two, Sir Harry."

"You'd better be silent, my lad," cried Sir Robert.

"Yes, Sir Robert; but—a word to my master here. The Captain——"

He stopped short, as if a spasm had caught him in the chest, and he looked piteously up at Sir Harry.

"No," he moaned, piteously—"good master to me; I could not say a word."

He feebly took hold of the hand that was pressing the handkerchief more tightly to his wound.

"No, you need not speak; I know," said Sir Harry.

"You—know, master?"

"Yes, my lad. It was a horrible misfortune. The Captain slipped and fell. That was how it happened."

Sir Robert noticed that a piteous smile came over the poor fellow's face as he heard these words. Then his eyes closed slowly.

"Yes," he said, softly; "that's how it happened. Break gently—poor little Milly—frightened the little—— Bess, awd lass—good dog then—good—Ah!"

He seemed to be sinking away, and Sir Robert hastily passed a few more drops of spirit between his lips, when he revived, and looked up once more at his master with a peculiar smile.

"That's how it come to happen, Sir Harry," he said, softly; and then he lay back, staring straight up at the trees, till there were the sound of voices, and the rustling of trees, as four or five stout laborers came panting up with a gate fresh lifted from its hinges.

Sir Harry stripped off his shooting-jacket for a pillow; Sir Robert followed suit; and these and some corn-rakings from the harvest field formed a soft bed, on which the poor fellow was lifted; and then four men bore the gate out of the coppice and afterwards raised it to their shoulders, keeping step, and bearing the injured man straight to the Priory, where Lady Fanshaw was going from one wild, hysterical fit into another, frightening Judith by her ejaculations and words of self-reproach, till she lay utterly exhausted, and was in that condition when the gate was being borne down the drive.

Sir Harry was the first to reach the house, hatless and coatless, and covered with blood.

Forgetful of his condition, he hurried into the drawing-room, and back into the hall.

"Where is her ladyship?" he cried to the butler.

"In her room, Sir Harry. The blundering boy came and said it was you who were hurt."

"Good heaven!" cried Sir Harry, whose years seemed as if they did not count; and he ran up the stairs with the agility of a young man, and into the bedroom where Lady Fanshaw was lying upon a couch, attended by Judith and her maid, her eyes closed, her face deadly pale.

"Alice! My child! I am here, quite safe!" cried Sir Harry, running to the side of the couch.

There was a wild shriek, and Lady Fanshaw started up, to fling her arms passionately round Sir Harry's neck.

"Thank God! thank God!" she moaned. "They told me you were dead."

"No, no; quite safe!" he cried. "Quite

safe, my darling!" he whispered in her ear. "But be a woman—I want your help. Poor Burton is dangerously hurt, and——ah! poor girl!"

For as he spake these last words Milly uttered a wild shriek, and fell backwards as is stricken by a bolt.

CHAPTER XLIV.

"HOW TO SILENCE THE DOGS?"

"THEY could not have contrived stronger chains for me," said Range, as soon as he was alone. "Good heavens! how mad—bah! I must not say that—how savage they make me feel!"

He took a few turns up and down the room, and then went to the window and threw it open.

"Confound the woman!" he exclaimed, drawing back and involuntarily clapping his hands to his bare head; for Sarah Pannell, parasol in hand, was walking up and down the lawn, and on hearing the opening window she had smiled mockingly, and made him a profound courtesy.

"I'm a handsome lover for a lady now," he thought. "What a tangle I've got myself in!"

After a few more strides up and down the room he felt a little calmer, and his thoughts went back at once to the main purpose of his present life—escape; and being alone and free he at once went to the door to examine it, and after a little consideration came to the conclusion that he could do nothing there without tools, for even if he could get keys, there were the bolts.

The windows he could not examine now on account of the promenader; but there was the chimney.

Certainly it would not be much of an escape to force his way in by some other window and so get down.

It was folly, but all the same he examined the opening, to find that, even if it had not been too narrow for his passage, there was a grating strongly fixed across just above the top of the stove.

Satisfied that he could do nothing there, he went to the partition between his room and that of Sheldrake.

This he tapped here and there to find it substantial, and only to be got through by means of strong tools and much noise; so he turned from it and began examining the boards of the floor, turning back the carpet, and looking beneath the bed.

But all were tight and strongly nailed down. It was an old, well-built house, and the floor-boards fitted closely.

"The window's the way," he said to himself; and, crawling on hands and knees so as not to be visible to anyone in the garden he examined the ends of the iron bars, feeling a little more hopeful as the idea fixed itself upon his brain that by the help of a knife he might loosen and get out the end of one bar, and then his strength would be sufficient to wrench it up and bend it so as to allow passage to his body. The rest, by means of some cord, would be easy.

Satisfied with this, he drew back from the window and sat down to think.

He had hardly seated himself before there was a fluttering of wings, and three or four sparrows alighted to hop about, peering in with their round dark eyes; and in his loneliness the coming of the little creatures made him smile and think of the names he had given them.

For there was long thin Uncle Wash, and the dark-throated captain, and lastly little fair Judith—the tamest and most friendly of them all, she coming right on to the beading of the window-frame, and giving a brisk, cheery chirp or two as she looked at him, first with one eye, then with the other.

There were no crumbs. The birds had been forgotten, so after awhile they took flight; and Range's thoughts flew off, too, down into pleasant Yorkshire, with its high hills and mines and valleys, where the tall chimneys stood festooned with their great plumes of smoke.

"It was a happy time so long as I held my tongue to her," he muttered. "I wonder whether she ever thinks of me, and what she would say if she were to see me now!"

He laughed bitterly, and raised his eyes to the corner of the room where the spider had its net, and there it was again making good, patiently, the web that had been swept away by the broom, ready for some other luckless fly.

"I could kill the little wretch," he said, "only it is its nature, just as I suppose it is Sheldrake's nature to catch flies in webs and suck their blood; but it has not come to that as yet."

He rose and went cautiously to the window, step by step, to see if Sarah Pannell had gone, and she was nowhere in sight, but the bull-dogs were there upon the grass.

"My two enemies!" he muttered, and in imagination he saw himself swinging at the end of a roughly-made rope, with the two fierce beasts baying and leaping up to fix their teeth in his legs.

"That would never do," he muttered again; and just then one of the dogs caught sight of the white smooth head and shaven face, and set up a deep-mouthed bay, which the other followed, staring savagely up at him the while.

"Yes, most decidedly, that would never do," he said, and he shrank away from the window with an impatient gesture, for he became suddenly aware of the fact that Sarah Pannell had been all the time seated behind a great Portugal laurel, book in hand, gazing up at him with a mocking look upon her handsome face.

"I'm beginning to feel as if that woman is going to be the curse of my life," he said to himself. "It's a hard thing to do but I'll do it. I'm not to blame for it, so why should I be ashamed? It looks cowardly to keep away, so I'll show her I'm no coward, and let her see her work."

Taking a chair, then, he set it by the window and sat down with his arm upon the sill, rested his cheek upon his hand, and gazed out at the brickfield thinking to himself how much happier the life of those poor fellows was out there, toiling hard, but free to come and go.

As he looked the dogs bayed at him, but gradually calmed down, while Sarah Pannell stared up with a contemptuous look upon her face.

But, like the baying of the dogs, it was lost on Range. He had made up his mind to face it out, and, once he did this, the stubbornness of his nature became manifest—the strength of his will.

While his enemy below stared up vainly, Range's eyes were fixed upon one sturdy, clay-daubed brickmaker, who, after rapidly moulding a number of bricks, suddenly stopped and proceeded to fill and light a clay pipe, sending out tiny puffs of smoke which were quite visible in the clear air.

"Hah!" ejaculated Range; "cigars or a pipe. Pannell will give me them if I ask him. Shall I, or shall I not?"

It was a trifle to sit musing over, but trifles were now of great importance in Arthur Range's life. He had been annoyed when the web of the spider was destroyed. Not that he cared for spiders but the proceedings of the insect interested him, and helped to fill up the void in his daily routine.

Then there were the sparrows. Before this he would not have given the chirping, man-loving birds a thought. Now he found them companionable, and himself listening for their notes and the rustle of their wings.

He was not a great smoker, but, shut up there, it seemed to him that tobacco would be one of the great solaces he could find. Desire said, Ask for it; pride said, No.

Pride won.

That day glided by, and Sarah Pannell went in, angry with the anger of a petty mind—annoyed because she had not been able to irritate the object of her vengence; for, as the minutes glided by, the two bull-dogs kept leaping up for a bay at the white figure at the window, and then settled down again to doze. Before they had lain long, the memory of the white face would intrude, and they would leap up again for another bark, one rousing the other. But after a time these barks became a small thunderous growl, later on a look, and then they had grown tolerant, and lay still and blinked, while Range sat watching the brickmaker and the great field, seeing there a kind of refuge if he could once cross the wall.

But how to silence the dogs?

CHAPTER XLV.

A PETITION FOR A PIN.

RANGE lay strapped down on his bed one morning, calculating how far it was from the window to the garden wall, and turning over an idea he had in his head.

He had been amusing himself and keeping off unpleasant thoughts by going over the events of a day's fishing, when he had caught trout by means of a floss silk line and artificial fly, floating the fly off like a gossamer spider's web on the light air, the delicate line carrying the barbed bait off to some distance before it dropped upon the surface of the water.

"The very thing!" he said excitedly. "I can't throw notes outside the wall for want of something to put in them. Cigar-ends are not heavy enough, and if I put in a bone the cats will take it out. A light note, a long line—the very thing!"

He had hardly conceived this idea when he heard the steps of his gaolers, who came up, followed by Jane, bearing the morning meal.

The girl put down the breakfast as usual, and Sheldrake and Mewburn set their prisoner sufficiently at liberty to sit up and eat.

"Why don't you take these off?" he said.

"Domestic morning, my dear Arthur. You are to be cleaned up," said Sheldrake, smiling.

Range uttered a contemptuous "pish!" and began his breakfast, while after exchanging glances with his companions, Sheldrake said—

"Look here, my dear Arthur, we are naturally impatient to see you better, and you have now been under Doctor Parkin's care two months. What do you say to a change?"

"Change! What do you mean?"

"Give up this obstinacy, and let's settle the little matter and have done with it. Now look here, we have been trying generous diet and the kindest of treatment, in the belief that it would be good for your complaint. This morning Doctor Parkins has been saying that change of food might be beneficial—an abstemious bread-and-water diet, and less freedom to the limbs.

"Do what you like," said Range, coldly; "it will make no difference in me."

"Don't say that, my dear brother. I should be extremely reluctant for the doctor to try what he calls heroic remedies. We have been keeping him back so far—dear John and I—haven't we, John?"

"Yes," said Pannell, quickly. "Look here, Range, old chap, give it up. You wouldn't miss the tin. What's the good of being obstinate?"

Range glanced up at him with a dry, half-humorous glance in his eye, and then went on with his breakfast.

"The complaint is very obstinate, doctor," said Sheldrake, with a sigh; "and, dear me! how time goes! He ought to have another visit from Gentles."

The color came a little into Range's face, and Sheldrake saw it.

"He was so much more cool and comfortable about the head after the last visit. Gentles shall come to-morrow."

The color deepened as Range thought of the indignity; but he went on, with apparent calm, eating his breakfast, and Sheldrake continued speaking, with his head turned to Mewburn.

"Wait a week, doctor," he said, "and see how he is then. If he is no better, you shall try your new plan; and if that fails, there is the galvanism."

Range glanced at Pannell, and saw the big fellow's broad forehead pucker up as he began alternately smoothing and spreading out his great beard over his chest.

Just then their eyes met, and Range seemed to read help in them.

Ten minutes after he was strapped down again, his tormentors sometimes keeping him secured in this way for nights together; and then for a night or two he would be left free.

As soon as he was alone he began to think over what had been said, and knew that if at the end of a week he did not give way, some more severe test was to be applied.

"What did he say—heroic remedies—galvanism? Oh! they would not dare! I don't know, though; men who would proceed to such extremities as these have gone to would do anything!"

After a pause he began to think of the look Pannell had given him.

"If I could get a good talk to Jack Pannell, I believe he would help me. I don't know, though. He is friendly, but as faithful as a man can be to his companions."

He sighed, and felt how hopeless this was as a staff upon which to lean. Then he thought over his attempts that he had made to find a way out, and all in vain.

"I'll try that!" he said, at last. "What an idiot not to think of it before!"

He lay listening now impatiently for the footsteps he knew would soon be heard; and at last Sheldrake came up alone to open the door for Jane, who fetched the breakfast-tray, took it down, and returned directly for a good clean up, bringing with her the necessary utensils.

"Where is Sheldrake?" said Range, as soon as they were alone.

"Do you mean Mr. Frank, sir?" said Jane, looking at him doubtingly.

"Yes, yes! if you like to call him so."

"Sitting just inside the library-door, reading his newspaper and watching the stairs."

"Then we can have a chat, Jane."

"Yes, sir, we can have a chat," said Jane, working busily away as she spoke.

"Why don't you write a note for me, as I ask you, Jane?"

"Now, Mister Rarthur, sir, you mustn't ask me. It's more than my place is worth. Why, Mr. Frank watches me like a cat; and if I wanted to go to the post, or asked anyone else to post anything for me, he'd know it directly. This is twenty times you've asked me to do this, and, once for all, I won't!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

USING THEM UP—Speaking of counterfeits suggests the question, "What becomes of all the mutilated coin and universally rejected trade dollars?" In part it is answered below:

"A new use has been found for the much abused trade dollar by an enterprising jeweler. He takes the despised coin, and makes it up into such shapes as he can without destroying its identity. Some of the designs are copyrighted, just as a publisher would copyright a book, to keep the sharks and guerrillas of the trade from stealing them. 'Here is one,' said the dealer, producing what appeared to be a new specimen of the coin, 'designed for a pocket-piece. The piece is split and hollowed out so that a picture can be placed in it. The pieces fit together so perfectly that no one would ever suspect the use to which it has been adapted. Here is a match-box made of four of the dollars. You see the coins, although split so that both surfaces show on the face of the design are so bent and worked into shape that their outlines are undisturbed. Nothing else enters into the composition of the box but the hinge.'

"Another curiosity shown was a cigarette case made of coins of various denominations—dimes, quarters, half-dollars and trade dollars, welded on to a silver base of alligator-skin design, and so oxidized that the coins seemed a century old. 'Is there no law against putting the coin to such a use?' inquired the reporter. 'You can do as you please with United States money if you do not attempt to counterfeit it or try to pass it after you have mutilated or otherwise tinkered with it. Speaking of counterfeiting reminds me of the experience of a friend in the same line. He conceived the idea of making a cigarette case out of gold and enamel to resemble a roll of bills. He carried out the idea, and succeeded so well that the Secret Service officers got after him, and he made only one specimen. It was a beauty, however, and represented a roll of fifty dollar bills. The design was perfect."

EVERY railway ticket in Russia has two sums upon it. If the price of the ticket were 13 roubles it would show 13 and 3, and the price of the ticket would be 16 roubles; the explanation of which is that the 3 roubles is a special tax by the Government upon the railway travelers to pay the expenses of the last Turkish war.

TIME is precious, and should be utilized as if every moment were the last we should enjoy.

Scientific and Useful.

CARMINE INK.—Half a drachm of powdered drop-lake and eighteen grains of powdered gum-arabic, dissolved in three ounces of ammonia-water, make one of the finest red or carmine inks.

TOOTHACHE.—It is now recommended that people chew cinnamon bark as an almost immediate cure for toothache. It is much more agreeable to use than creosote, carbolic acid, etc. The bark must be of good quality.

OIL PAINTINGS.—It is a well-known fact that oil paintings kept for a long time in the dark become dim and rusty-looking; but it is not so well known that exposure to the fresh air and sunlight will completely restore them to their original brilliancy.

CORK BRICKS.—Cork is now made into bricks for coating steam boilers and ice cellars. The cork is broken up into very small particles, a small quantity of cement added, and then pressed into shape of bricks, which are first dried in the air and then by artificial heat.

WALL-PAPER.—For hygienic reasons wall-paper should not be made either air or water-tight. The paper on the walls is like clothes on the person, and the walls of the house should have free intercourse with the open air. When the paper is water-proof the dampness of the walls is increased and prolonged, injuring health and producing other evils.

DISINFECTION.—Some scientists in Paris after experiments, have agreed that for the disinfection of rooms where there has been contagious disease, sulphurous acid gas is the most efficacious means; but they advise the burning of bisulphide of carbon, instead of sulphur, as being less expensive and injurious to furniture or metal articles in the room.

THE ENGINE.—The old time notion of one immense central engine to furnish power for an entire large establishment is getting out of date. The change is to independent engines for each department, so that one may be stopped for repairs, or from slackness of work, while another may be run without carrying the load of the connecting shafting and pulleys.

MARBLE.—The production of artificial marble, fire-proof and water-proof, is accomplished by a recently devised English process. The fabrication is, by means of cement, gypsum or alum, applied to polished surfaces or placed in molds, fibres being employed in the surfaces to form the veins. An enamel is obtained by laying on one or more coats of varnish; the material is exposed to heat after each coat, then polished with pumice stone and tripoli.

Farm and Garden.

MILK AND BUTTER.—It has been ascertained by carefully repeated experiments that the first drawn milk contains five, the second eight and the fifth seventeen per cent. of cream. Thus a cow three-quarters milked is not half-milked, if butter is the object.

THE FARM WAGON.—Two main points in a good farm wagon are lowness, to save lifting, and a cut-under, for convenience in turning. The latter, however, calls for very low forewheels, and the low wheels call for springs, to modify the suddenness of the lift over obstacles.

THE SHEEP.—A sheep has eight front teeth, all equal in size, the first year. The second year the two middle teeth are much larger than the others. The third year the two middle teeth are much larger than the others. The third year two very small teeth appear on both sides of the eight. At the end of the fourth year there are six large teeth. The fifth year all are large. The sixth year all begin to show signs of wear.

MANURE FOR THE GARDEN.—Manure from the bottom of a thoroughly decayed straw stack, or from the compost pile, if care was taken to put no matter containing seeds into it, or well rotted stable manure, make good fertilizers for the kitchen garden; but better than any of these is old rich loam or leaf mold from the forest. If a full supply of this cannot be obtained conveniently, let well-rotted, coarse manure be plowed under, and the loam used as a top-dressing and hoed in around the plants.

"RED RUST."—A correspondent recommends the use of common salt as a cure for "red rust," the deadly scourge of blackberries and raspberries. "I throw salt freely among the old vines, and a small handful plump at the root of every one where I detect any signs of rust. By repeating the salting every week where rust is seen, it will soon go away, and leave you good, healthy plants. The blackberry is capable of using almost as much salt as the asparagus plant, and but little fear need be felt of using too much.

THE HOUSE.—For the hind feet, if ankle cutting is done with the toe, have the calkin made lengthwise at the inside heel and one at the inside curve at the toe. When elbow hitting is done with the heel of the foot, have the shoe short and well concaved on the ground surface. Most horses hit with the toe. Corns should be pared out well, the heel lowered and sprung and the toe shortened. Have the shoe removed every two weeks, or less if necessary. Narrow webbed shoes are the best, as they allow the sole to scale off according to its growth. However, shoes should vary according to the necessities of the case.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

SIXTY-FOURTH YEAR.

SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 18, 1885.

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WILL IT PAY?

When a man asks this question, if you can find out just what he means by it, you have the key to his character. With some persons it means nothing but money. Nothing pays, in their opinion, but that which brings a solid return in cash. It may be perfectly right to take this element into account.

No sane man would think of entering upon any business enterprise, or making an investment, without some reference to the pecuniary returns. We never knew any one to open a store for no other purpose except to accommodate his neighbors with goods.

People do not build railways merely to aid the public in getting over the ground quicker. Physicians do not practice medicine from no motive but the disinterested desire to save the lives of others. The larger proportion of lawyers do not go into court or give advice in their offices simply because of their abstract desire that justice should be done to all. Even the clergyman hopes to make a living out of his profession—a hope that is often disappointed. Men do not write books or edit newspapers from the mere desire to diffuse information.

There are, however, some other things to be regarded in asking the question, "Will it pay?" besides money. Gains which are secured by fraud or concealment, or by the sacrifice of manliness and nobility of character, always cost more than they are worth. Riches can never give one true and genuine satisfaction, when the man knows that he has not attained them by fair and honest means.

We are well aware that one meets a great many well-to-do men in the street who seem to be on very good terms with themselves, and are bowed to with great show of respect, that ought to be in prison; but if you could look into the innermost chamber of their souls you might see a very ugly skeleton there. They are living sumptuously upon gains of which they have got possession by some legal or illegal fraud, and to all appearances they enjoy their gains; but in the secret watches of the night, when all is still around them, do you not suppose that they sometimes hear the rattle of this skeleton, and think of the time when they will be skeletons themselves?

There are some things which pay well at first, and in the end turn to ashes. Stock which is bought at a premium pays a heavy dividend the first year, and after that it is good for nothing. The first flow of water exhausts the fountain; or, speaking with more accuracy, it empties the cistern.

Some persons strike twelve the first time, and after that their striking power is exhausted, and they are heard from no more. So that when we ask respecting them, "Will it pay?" we should also ask, "How long will it pay?" When we wish to compliment one for his wisdom, we say that "he is a man of forethought." Especially in choosing the line of life that we propose to follow, it is all-important to look far ahead, and try to find out where that line will bring us in the distant future.

You may be now engaged in preparing yourself for the duties of life; you are learning a trade, or occupied with study, laying the foundation upon which you are to build the structure of your fortune. "Will it pay to slight your work?" Ask the multitude of men whose lives have proved to be a failure, what they think about this. Ask them to tell you what they would give if they could have the chance of beginning life over again.

Or, you may have more than filled up your three score years, and the lassitude of age is beginning to creep over you. You are inclined to fold your hands and retire from the field of action. You are inclined to say, "I will not work any more, or study any more, or write any more. I am not imbecile as yet. I am in full possession of whatever faculties I ever had. Perhaps I am as capable of good work as I ever was; but I have done my share, and now I will retire." Will it pay to stop working? You will begin to grow rusty as soon as you do this. As long as there is any steam left, our advice is, "Keep the engine going." The man who has no occupation, be he old or young, is not the happiest of men.

SANCTUM CHAT.

WHILE cotton may still be king, there is a disposition to claim that the cow is the queen of the day. The story is going the rounds about a little girl in Colorado whose father gave her a cow on the day on which she was born. She is now twelve years old, and owns $5,000 worth of cattle all descended from that animal.

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THE whole amount of life insurance now in force in the United States is $2,000,000,000, a sum $100,000,000 greater than the net revenue of the United States government; five times larger than the total annual sales of money postal orders, and nearly $100,000,000 greater than the total combined capital invested in the iron, steel and lumber business in this country.

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"THE Smoker's Footpad" is what an irate correspondent to a London paper calls the man who stops smokers to importune them for "a light." He thinks "it may be very hard to deny another the pleasure we are enjoying ourselves; but a smoker who forgets to keep himself supplied with lights must be a fool, and ought to suffer for his folly. In future I shall offer a sturdy resistance to the smoker's footpad."

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A NEW order of physicians in Boston holds that mind has control over matter, and that all diseases will yield to mental force in the physician. It is popularly called the "mind cure," and marvelous stories are told of the working of this new process in eradicating the most obstinate diseases. A scientific training is said to be needed for effective work along this line, and its advocates have little sympathy with Christianity or its supernatural forces.

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In several South American countries it is customary to have those attending the funeral of any prominent citizen sign a testimonial to the worth of the deceased, or pass a series of resolutions setting forth his merits and distinguished traits. These tributes are placed in the coffin in order that, in case the remains should ever be disinterred, future generations would know the character of him whose bones they were handling.

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THE experiment of substituting the labor of colored people for that of Chinese is being tried by a San Franciscoan, on his ranch in California. He took there thirty-two families of colored people from the South, built them cabins in Southern plantation style, and thus far is much pleased with their work. Labor on a vineyard and fruit farm, says a correspondent writing from San Francisco, is not so severe as on a cotton or sugar plantation, and the climate of southern California is milder than in most parts of the South.

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THERE are insidious, epicurean souls who believe viands set on a $100 satin damask table-cloth taste better than when the mahogany is covered with something costing one-tenth that price. Therefore, exquisite napery is a specialty with every accomplished giver of dinners, and as much a feature as the French cooking or the flowers that decorate the table. The designs seen in this expensive damask represent every flower of the field, graceful vines and branches of grapes, fruits, acorns and oak leaves and fantastic groupings of strange figures that are well worth studying when the service is removed.

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IN Germany tests have been made to determine the elevation of temperature and the amount of carbonic acid under illumination of the house by gas and by electricity. The thermometer was observed every ten minutes during the performances when there was, on an average, an attendance of between five and six hundred persons. The readings of the thermometer indicated a much less increase of temperature for the electric than for gas light. Further, it was proved that while the electric light did not render ventilation unnecessary, a less active renewal of the air within the building was required than when gaslight was employed.

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EMERGENCY boxes are being placed on the trains of several leading American railways. They are light, japanned tin cases, appropriately and plainly lettered, and placed in positions where they will be readily available in case of accidents which may do injury to either passengers or employees. These boxes contain surgeons' adhesive plasters, isinglass plaster, adhesive bandage, roller bandages, rubber bandages, styptic cotton, ligatures and needles, scissors, safety pins, etc. When the lid of the case is thrown upward a small pamphlet is the first thing revealed, and this contains full directions for proceedings to stop bleeding, how to apply the bandages and implements found within the case, and what should be done in case of crushed feet, burning or scalding, broken bones, wounds by cutting, bruises, etc.

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THE cry for rest has always been louder than the cry for food. Not that it is more important, but it is often harder to obtain. The best rest comes from sound sleep. Sleep will do much to cure irritability of temper, peevishness and uneasiness. It will restore vigor to an overworked brain. It will build up and strengthen a weary body. Indeed, we might make a long list of nervous and other maladies that sleep will cure. The cure for sleeplessness consists in a clean, good bed, sufficient exercise to produce weariness, pleasant occupation, good air and not too warm a room, a clear conscience, and avoidance of stimulants and narcotics. For those who are overworked, haggard and nervous, and who pass sleepless nights, we commend the adoption of such habits as shall secure sleep; otherwise, life will be, in all probability, short, and what there is left of it will be sadly imperfect.

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FOR cleanliness, as well as comfort, argues a writer in the London *Lancet*, the use of such hammocks as are common in South America would be greatly preferable to beds in a variety of cases. He says: "The position can be varied in three or four ways. The writer has passed several nights in such a hammock and blanket, exposed to the damps of a South American forest, and risen perhaps more refreshed than if he had slept in a bed. For bedridden people their use would be invaluable. Those who have been confined to a bed or water-bed for three or four months, know how fatiguing and disgusting they become. In many cases in hospitals such hammocks would be real sanitary appliances. The hammock I have comes from British Guiana."

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FROM a New York paper we glean the following statistics of the roller skating industry: There are about 400 persons engaged in the manufacture of these skates, and the monthly product is not far from 300,000 pairs. The most of these cost about 55 cents a pair; are sold at wholesale at $1.87 per pair, and cost the skater $6. Complete machinery is the cause of the reduction in first cost. The aim now is to make a skate for fancy skating that will turn in less than seven inches, the present minimum. There are about 50,000 rinks in the country, and the demand for skates is greater than the supply. The craze will, of course, die out, and even should it not the industry will be overdone. Meanwhile the makers of roller skates and the owners of roller-rinks are making the most of the shining hour.

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A PHYSICIAN of the New York Nursery and Child's Hospital believes, from his practice, that infants generally, whether brought up at the breast or artificially, are not supplied with sufficient water, the fluid portion of their food being quickly taken up, and leaving the solid too thick to be easily digested. In warm, dry weather healthy babies will take water every hour with advantage, and their frequent fretfulness and the rise of temperature is often directly due to their not having it. A free supply of water, and restricting the frequency of nursing, has been found at the Nursery to be a most effectual check in cases of incipient fever, a diminished rate of mortality and marked reduction in the number of gastric and intestinal complaints being attributed to this cause. In teeth cutting, water soothes the gums, and frequently stops the fretting and restlessness universal in children at this period.

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VIVISECTION in Germany is hereafter to be subject to the following provisions of a decree issued by the Minister of Public Instruction. (1.) Experiments with live animals are only admissible for purposes of scientific investigation or instructive demonstration; (2.) at lectures these experiments are only allowed in so far as they may be required for a full understanding of the instruction imparted at such lectures; (3.) the preparations for experiments at lectures are, as a rule, to be made previous to actual demonstration, and in the absence of the students; (4.) the experiments shall only be made by professors or teachers, or under their special supervision and responsibility; (5.) experiments which, without detriment to the result, can be made on animals of a lower order, shall only be practised on such, and not on more valuable animals; and (6.) in all cases where it is not absolutely incompatible with the end and aim of the experiment, the animals must previously be anæstheticised.

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AMERICAN audiences, says Irving, the English actor, are not surpassed in quickness or completeness of comprehension by any that I have yet seen, and no actor need fear to make his strongest or his most subtle effort, for such is sure to receive instant and full acknowledment at their hands. Ladies and gentlemen alike are mostly in morning dress, distinguished in appearance and guided in every respect by a refined decorum. The sight is generally picturesque. Even in winter flowers abound, and the majority of ladies have bouquets either carried in the hand or fastened on the shoulder or corsage. At matinee performances especially, where the larger proportion of the audience is composed of ladies, the effect is not less pleasing to the olfactory senses than to the eye. Courteous, patient, enthusiastic, the American audience is worthy of any effort which the actor can make on its behalf, and he who has experience of them would be an untrustworthy chronicler if he failed, or even hesitated, to bear witness to their intelligence, their taste and their generosity.

THE WAY OF LIFE.

BY WILLIAM MACKINTOSH.

'Mong those who travel by the land or tide,
Some leave when first they halt them by the way
Those go forth next, while others further ride,
And end their journey by the night or day.

Like this we see upon life's pathway lie,
Stage after stage where mortal wand'rings cease—
The babe in one short breath may live and die,
Some further on the vital spark release.

Time bears them on by constant wave or stage,
All free unbridled is his rapid pace—
He stays him not with fortune to engage—
No human skill can bid his steps retrace.

He tireless sweeps on to the goal in store,
With lifeless babe and, brow o'er fringed with white,
And leaves them on that shrouded, misty shore,
One at life's morn, the aged sire at night.

My Life Mystery.

BY BERTIE BAYLE.

"HUSH-SH-SH!" I heard it quite distinctly, although it was not intended that I should hear it, and although the speakers were seperated from me by the whole length of the room. I did not hear one word of the rest of the conversation, nor had I the least intention of listening; but that warning "Hush!" caught my ear; I knew it was uttered because I happened to look over in that direction at that particular moment.

There sat two old ladies on a sofa side by side, nodding their heads and talking confidentially; and I knew I was the subject of their conversation, because that one word had betrayed them.

How I hated the word! It seemed to me to be the sign and token of the mystery that had darkened my young life. Even when I was a little child, brought up in my grandfather's house, the servants used sometimes to stop abruptly in the midst of their conversation when I came into the room, and whisper to one and other, "Hush The child's listening!"—and then I knew it was the mystery they had been talking about. My grandfather too, and my uncles and aunts, often gave the conversation an abrupt turn when I appeared, in a way however that never deceived me. I asked questions sometimes, but received no satisfactory replies; so was obliged to let the matter rest. When I went to school in France, I thought that I should at least be free from the mystery there—that no one there would know anything about it; but, after a time, I strongly suspected madame had been let into the secret. Her manner to me was very strange, especially if I grew at all excited about anything; she had an anxious way of soothing me and stroking me, which she never took the trouble to do with the other pupils, and it made me feel that somehow I must be different from the rest of the world—a morbid feeling which came at length to have a certain power over me, but which I determined to keep to myself till I should succeed in solving the mystery.

Now I had left school altogether, and was staying for a few days with one of my uncles in town before going to spend Easter at Carrisbrook, my grandfather's house, where I had been brought up, and which I always regarded as home. Meanwhile I was enjoying my visit extremely; every one made much of me now that I had left school, and I forgot for a time the mystery which surrounded me, and felt thoroughly happy and content.

This evening there was a small party of friends at the house, and, amongst others my old playfellow Jack Renaud. Jack had been like an elder brother to me all my life. When we were children together I used to tyrannise over him and make him do my bidding; and, when we played with other children, he always singled me out and put me first in everything, taking my part in any dispute, and standing by me, staunch and true, in all my little troubles and perplexity.

I was not allowed to write to him while at home, as he was "no relation," but I looked forward to seeing him during the holidays more than to anything else, and, whenever we met, I found him unchanged—the same frank, warm-hearted, true friend he had always been. This was the first time I had seen him since I had left school for good, and we were just enjoying a very pleasant chat about old times when that whispered "Hush!" fell on my ear like an icy blast, making me turn suddenly cold and faint.

"Do you feel ill, Dolly?" asked Jack, bending over me anxiously. "You look as white as a sheet. Perhaps this room is too hot; let me take you somewhere to get cool."

"Take me into the study, Jack," I said; "but let us get out quietly. I don't want to make a fuss, as I am only a little faint."

So we slipped away without attracting notice, and Jack took me to the study, and drew an arm-chair over to the fire for me, for this room felt quite chilly after the other. Then he wanted to get me a glass of wine, but I would not let him go, saying I felt all right again; so he drew a low stool close to my chair and seated himself at my feet.

"My idea of happiness," began Jack, after a pause, stretching out his hands to the cheery blaze.

"Is a good fire on a cheerless night, Jack," I interpolated.

"And your company, Dolly," added Jack softly.

I did not answer. It seemed quite natural that Jack should like being with me and I should like being with Jack—there was certainly nothing strange in that. Then for a time neither of us spoke, and I sat dreamily watching the play of the firelight, till suddenly Jack wheeled round, and, resting his two hands on the arm of my chair, looked up straight into my eyes.

"Dolly," he said, "do you love me?"

The question took me much by surprise.

"Oh, yes, Jack, I love you best in the whole world!"

But, when the words had left my lips, I felt the hot blood rush up to my cheek for very shame at my own outspokenness, and I made an effort to hide my crimson face; but Jack caught my two hands and held them fast.

"Dolly," he whispered, "you have made me very, very happy. I have loved you all my life; but sometimes I feared you cared for me only as a friend. Don't turn away from me, darling; promise me you will be my own little wife."

His wife! What was that nameless shadow that came creeping into the room, that stood between Jack and me, falling like a horror of darkness over the sunshine of our happiness? His wife, with that unsolved mystery hovering over my life, perhaps to drag him along with myself into some unknown depths of wretchedness, some destiny of gloom and misery!

"No, no," I cried, snatching my hands away from him, "it can never, never be; I love you, but I dare not marry you!"—and in my excitement I burst into a passion of tears.

Jack looked surprised and pained; but he soothed and petted me in his old loving way till I became myself again.

"I was too abrupt with you, Dolly," he said; "I did not mean to speak so soon; but somehow I could not help it. Will you think it over, darling, and let me have a different answer when we meet at Carrisbrook this Easter?"

"It cannot be, Jack," I persisted; but he would not be put off.

"You said you loved me, Dolly, and, as for me, I never did and never could care for any one else as I do for you. Then is there any reason why we should not be happy?"

"There is a reason," I answered, "and some day perhaps you will understand that I was right, and proved my love to you by acting as I have done. Trust me, Jack."

"Why not tell me the reason now, Dolly?"

His honest manly face was upturned to mine and his dark eyes were full of earnest love that it was very hard to resist. Should I tell him all, and roll the burden of my life on to his broad shoulders? Was he not ready and willing to bear it? I paused a minute in thought, and then I gave the answer that I judged was best.

"When you come to Carrisbrook, I will tell you all."

"That will be a fortnight from to-day, Dolly—Easter Eve—you will give me the promise I want then?"

"Either that or I will tell you the reason why I cannot."

And with this answer Jack had to be content, while I resolved that at all hazards ere Easter Eve dawned, the mystery attending me should be fathomed.

Three days later I started for Carrisbrook; it was a long journey, and I had to leave early in the day. My aunt and cousins came to see me off at the station, and I looked anxiously for somebody else: but he did not appear till the very last moment, when the train was actually in motion. He had just time to put his head in at the carriage window, and say "Remember!" And then the train started off, and I leaned out and watched the outlines of his tall figure till it faded away in the distance. Then I took to observing my fellow-passengers, and wondering vaguely if life were all sunshine to them, or if any of them knew what it was to be followed by a shadow that blotted out the brightness; but there was nothing to be gleaned from their impenetrable countenances, and I turned to look out of the window, where the flying trees tossed their skeleton arms aloft and the bare fields looked up hungrily at a gray leaden sky.

At length we reached Hatterworth Junction, where the passengers for the North had to change trains. We all got out there; and I, after swallowing a cup of scalding coffee, returned to claim my seat; but I found that my fellow-travellers had all forsaken me, and that I was to have the remainder of the journey to myself.

I settled myself as comfortably as possible wrapping my fur cloak tightly round me for it was bitterly cold, and tried to sleep; but sleep would not come. An unaccountable restlessness possessed me, which increased as the moments went by—a strange consciousness that I was not alone. I turned and twisted, opened my eyes and shut them again, tried this position and that; but in vain—the uneasy sensation was gaining a complete mastery over me.

Outside a dull darkness had settled down over the fields and hills; inside the flickering oil-lamp moved unsteadily to and fro. At length my nervousness reached such a pitch that I resolved to change carriages at the next station; and, in order to be ready, I stooped down to draw a small portmanteau from under the seat, when, in doing so, I felt my hand caught by another hand, a cold damp hand that held it fast!

I uttered a loud scream; and then I heard a voice from under the seat—"Hush, hush, for Heaven's sake—hush, or I am lost!" and at the same moment there rose up before me a figure that seemed to me terribly familiar, a figure of a young girl, tall and slender. Oh, where had I seen that small, rather pale face, those blue eyes, and the dark crisp hair that no brush could keep in order—the short straight nose, and the mouth with a slight downward curve? A cold horror crept through me as the answer presented itself to my mind—"In the looking-glass!"

Was this indeed my second self—my evil genius come to torment me? I sat staring at her as though fascinated, not daring to withdraw the hand which she still clutched eagerly; and then she fell upon her knees before me, and in earnest, passionate tones besought me not to betray her. I touched her on the shoulder, partly to assure myself that she was real flesh and blood and tried to raise her up; but she would not move.

"Promise me, promise me!" she cried, with clasped hands and streaming eyes. "You are young, like myself; have mercy! I crept in here when the carriage was empty—no one saw me—I escaped them all; but, if you betray me, I am lost—lost for ever!" and her blue eyes dilated with terror, while her whole frame quivered from head to foot.

"But what have you done? Why are you hiding?" I asked, when I could find my voice.

"I have committed a terrible crime," she answered, lowering her voice to an awe-struck whisper, so that I could scarcely catch the words with the roar of the train in my ears.

"What crime?"

The train dashed into a tunnel. A sudden blast extinguished the flickering light, and left us in total darkness. She raised her arms and drew my head down towards her, and I could feel her warm breath on my cheek as she put her lips to my ear and whispered the one word—

"Murder!"

I remember no more then—I must have fainted away—for the next thing I was conscious of was a cold breeze blowing in through the open door. The train had stopped at a station called Redmount, and the porter had come in to light my lamp. He probably thought I was asleep and paid no heed to me. Had I been asleep, after all? Was it all a hideous nightmare? The apparition had disappeared. I nerved myself to get up and look carefully under the seats; but there was no trace of her; and then I crouched back into my corner again. Carrisbrook was not far off now, and I resolved not to change carriages, as nothing worse was likely to happen. My head was in a whirl, and I could feel myself shivering all over with a cold that no furs could keep out.

At length the train drew up at its destination, and the welcome sound of "Carrisbrook!" fell on my ear. I roused myself and collected my things. Some one from home was sure to meet me, and I felt my heart revive within me at the prospect of a warm welcome.

The carriage door was thrown open, and a man closely muffled, with a lantern in his hand, stood at it. He raised the lantern above his head so that its light fell full on my features, and then he turned and said a few hasty words to a porter, who immediately stepped back, as I supposed, to look after my luggage.

I stepped forward at once, and asked him if he had come to meet me, saying that I was Miss Howard, and was going to Carrisbrook House, Sir John Howard's place.

"Come, come, my dear!" said the man, putting down his lantern and half lifting me out of the carriage. "None of that nonsense with me; we know each other well."

"What do you mean?" I cried, in a burst of indignation. "I never saw you in my life before; let go my hands! I will have you arrested; my grandfather is a magistrate!"—and I stamped with impotent fury.

But my captor did not seem in the least excited or indignant at my passion; he treated me rather as a naughty child, and drew me along with him through the crowd, merely repeating the words—

"Hush, my dear—hush—hush!"

He could not have devised a more effectual mode of quieting me. That word recalled me to myself—"Hush!" The mystery was surely gathering round, ready to envelope me irretrievably. How could I hope to escape my life's destiny? Yet sadly in my heart there rose up the cry, "Oh, Jack, Jack!" I made no further resistance after that, but suffered him to lead me on till we reached the door of the ladies' waiting-room, where stood a stony-eyed woman, who had evidently been expecting me.

"Here she is," said the man; "take charge of her. The next train for Hatterworth does not start for at least an hour; you had better get her some tea or something."

The woman bade me sit down, and I did so. She turned her stony eyes on me, and I returned the gaze quietly, still maintaining a strict silence, for I felt my only course now was to submit. Presently she summoned the waiting-room attendant, and ordered two cups of tea, one of which she handed to me. I drank it eagerly, for I felt utterly exhausted; but I could not touch the bread-and-butter she also offered me. She made a hearty meal herself, yet always keeping her eyes turned in my direction, as if she had some suspicion that I meditated a spring at her throat in an unguarded moment. I had however no such intention, but sat looking down drearily at the worn pattern of the carpet, or furtively now and then up at the clock, which was marking off its seconds with slow deliberation, as if to contradict the popular delusion that time flies.

That was the longest hour I ever spent; but at last it came to a close, and I found myself seated in the train, still making no resistance, between my two guardians, the muffled-up man and the stony-eyed woman, en route for Hatterworth.

Hatterworth is a town of considerable size, and can boast of many important buildings, among others the county gaol. I knew Jack's uncle was Governor there, having been in the town once, and I wondered vaguely if that was to be my destination, for had not my second told me she had committed murder? Was I to suffer for her crime? Would Jack come and visit me in the condemned cell, or would he turn from me in horror and loathing?

All through the journey these and many similar thoughts kept tormenting me; but when we reached Hatterworth, my guardians hurried me into a cab, and it was with a sense of relief that I peered out of the window and saw we were rattling up the main street, leaving the gaol behind us. After a drive of considerable length, we stopped at a handsome iron gateway, and turned up a long avenue, at the end of which, surrounded by fine old trees, stood a large stone building.

Here the cab stopped, and I was handed out. We entered a wide, brilliantly-lighted hall, where the woman left us, and the man bade me follow him. On we went out of this hall into another, and through a large comfortably-furnished room, where ladies and gentlemen were sitting about, engaged in various occupations. I scanned their countenances as I passed, and a sudden light broke on me. What was there in the faces of these well-dressed respectable-looking people which struck a chill to my heart, and made me know, before I had reached the end of the room, that I was within the walls of a private lunatic asylum?

Opening off this drawing-room was a small study, and thither my conductor led me. There was a bright fire burning in the grate, and at the table, writing, sat an elderly gray-haired man.

"I have brought her safe back, Doctor," said my guide, ushering me in. "She was as quiet as a lamb—gave us no trouble at all. It just turned out as we expected, and we met her at Carrisbrook."

"All right, Parker," returned the Doctor, pushing back his chair, and looking at me kindly. "I am glad to get her home. You may go now."

The man retired, and closed the door after him.

"Take off your things, and come over to the fire, my dear," said the Doctor, when he had gone; "the night is very chilly."

I obeyed, and, seating myself in the big arm-chair opposite the Doctor, looked over at him. What a kindly benevolent face it was—the face of a man one could love and trust!

"Now my child," he said, bending towards me, "don't be afraid of me; just tell me quietly why you ran away from us."

"Doctor," I said, taking courage from his kind face and fatherly manner, "may I ask a few questions?"

"Certainly, my dear," he answered, looking however a little surprised; and I proceeded—

"This is a private lunatic asylum?" The Doctor nodded.

"You are the head Doctor?" He nodded again.

"And I am brought here because I am mad?"

This time the Doctor did not nod; but he looked at me curiously, and I went on—

"May I tell you something about myself?"

"Tell me anything you like, my dear. I always wish you, when you are with me, to speak your mind freely."

"I may be mad," I continued, "and, if so, my whole past life may be a delusion; but I wish to let you know what that delusion is. To begin—my name is Dorothy Howard."

The Doctor started, and looked at me fixedly.

"I lost both my parents when too young to remember either of them, and I was brought up by my grandfather, Sir John Howard of Carrisbrook House. I know there was a mystery about me from my earliest childhood—some secret that was carefully withheld from my knowledge, and was therefore always a subject of pain and anxiety to me. About six years ago they sent me to school in France, and, my education now being considered finished, I have returned home for good."

The Doctor here rose in great excitement from his seat, and was about to stop me, when he thought better of it, and sat down again, telling me quietly to go on and tell him my story to the end. So I continued—

"I stayed for a few days in London with my mother's brother—Mr. James Duncan—and this morning I left his house, and started for Carrisbrook by the 10·15 train. All went well till we reached Hatterworth, when my fellow-passengers changed trains, and I got out for a cup of coffee. When I went back again, my carriage was apparently empty; but, before we arrived at the next station, to my horror there rose up before me a figure which seemed to be the exact counterpart of myself. This apparition—whether human or not I cannot say—fell on her knees before me, and besought me in tones of passionate entreaty not to betray her, saying that she was trying to effect her escape, having committed the crime of murder.

"When she made that revelation, I must have fainted away, for I did not recover till we had reached Redmount, and there I found that she had disappeared, leaving no trace. I went on to Carrisbrook Station, where I was arrested by the man who brought me here; no explanation was afforded me, and all my remonstrances were peremptorily silenced; so you are the first who have heard my side of the story."

During this recital the Doctor showed various signs of excitement, but restrained himself till the narrative was finished; and then he came over and, placing his two

hands on my shoulders, looked at me with kind pitying eyes.

"My poor child," he said, "we have made a terrible mistake."

At that moment there was a knock at the door, and a servant came in with a telegram in her hand.

"The boy is waiting, sir, to know if there will be a return message," she said, as the Doctor tore open the envelope and read the contents partly to himself, but yet loud enough for me to hear.

"From Doctor Harrison, 47, Somerset Street, Redmont, to Doctor Grant, Beechgrove, Hatterworth.—Found wandering here and brought to my house, a young lady, apparently a member of your establishment—age about nineteen, tall and slight, blue eyes, dark hair—calls herself Eleanor Howard. If description correct, wire back directions."

The Doctor turned to his desk, took out a telegram form, and hastily filled it in.

"Give this to the boy," he said, "and send Mr. Parker here directly."

Mr. Parker presented himself without delay, and the Doctor turned to him with a slight smile.

Parker," he said, "for once your sagacity has failed, and you have, brought me the wrong young lady, though indeed I was myself completely deceived. This lady"—pointing to me—"is as sane as you or I, and our patient, Miss Eleanor Howard, is at Doctor Harrison's house in Redmount—47, Somerset Street—where you must go immediately to fetch her."

Mr. Parker opened both his mouth and eyes and stared at me in a state of helpless bewilderment.

You have no time to lose," added the Doctor, in a sharper tone, as he saw him make no attempt to move; "the next train leaves in fifteen minutes from this."

Mr. Parker retreated backwards gradually, never removing his eyes from me, and quite forgetting to shut his mouth—indeed I doubt whether he shut it before he reached Redmount, so great was his astonishment.

When the door closed after him, the Doctor went over to a cupboard and poured something out of a black bottle into a wineglass.

"Drink this, my dear," he said, bringing it over to me; "it will do you good."

I drank it to please him, and felt revived.

"And now," said the Doctor, when I laid down the glass, "can you bear to listen to a short story from me?"

"I can bear anything," I replied; and indeed, after what I had already gone through, I felt that nothing would be too much for me.

"When I said just now, my dear," continued the Doctor, "that we had made a terrible mistake, I did not refer to the case of mistaken identity which brought you here, unpleasant and awkward as that has been for you; I referred rather to the mistake we made—and I say 'we,' for I was a party to it, being one of your father's oldest and dearest friends—in hiding from you all these years what should have been told long ago, and which would have saved you all the pain and anxiety of feeling yourself the subject of some dark mystery. You know, of course, that your mother died when you were born; but you are not aware that you had a twin-sister. You were a fragile, delicate little thing whom no one expected to live; but she was much stronger and promised well. When the babies grew a little older, your father's mother took you under her care, and a sister of your mother's took the entire charge of your little sister, Eleanor. Very soon it began to be feared that something was wrong with her brain—she used to go into wild paroxysms of rage that seemed unnatural in so young a child. Your father anxiously consulted me, knowing that I had made the brain my life's study. I saw at once that it was a strange case, and I offered to take the child into my own house, and by watching her closely see what could be done. Shortly after this your father was seized with an illness which proved fatal. Before his death he sent for me, and asked me my opinion of little Eleanor. I told him frankly that I feared she would never be like other children, that there was a very curious formation of the brain, the future development of which was still uncertain; but I also told him that my wife had taken a strong fancy to the motherless little one, and that, having no children of our own, if he were content to leave her with us, we would make her the object of our greatest care and attention, and that it was possible in time a cure might be effected. He told me that I had relieved his mind of its greatest burden, and that he could die happy, leaving the child in my hands.

"He then spoke to me a great deal about you, telling me what an affectionate, intelligent little thing you were, but so intensely sensitive and excitable that they had judged it better to keep your sister's existence a secret, lest the fact of her being different from others should prey on your mind and have an injurious effect. Soon after your father's death we removed to Scotland, where we started a private asylum; and it is only within the last three years that we have come down here. Eleanor has lived with us ever since, and has become very dear to both my wife and myself. For a time we had great hopes of her complete cure. She learned to read and write, and made considerable progress in her education; but at intervals paroxysms of madness came on, and she suffers from various delusions, the principal one being that she has committed murder, and must, at all hazards, escape the vengeance of the law. Once before, since we came here, she ran away in just the same circumstances, and went in the train as far as Carrisbrook, where she was found and brought back. This morning, directly she was missed, I sent my trusty man Parker and one of the female attendants after her. They probably just caught the train before it started, and watched at every station till they reached Carrisbrook. How she escaped them at Redmount I cannot conceive; but there is a cunning in madness that baffles the most wary. And now, my poor child, you have gone through enough adventures to-day to last you for a lifetime, so I am going to deliver you up to the tender mercies of my wife, for you badly need rest and care."

"Just let me ask you one more question, good, kind Doctor."

"My dear, as many as you like."

"And you will tell me the plain truth—you will hide nothing from me?"

"You may rely upon me, my child."

"Then tell me, Doctor, is there any hereditary taint of madness in our family? Has there ever been another case besides this one?"

"Never—never to my knowledge, most certainly," said the doctor emphatically—"and I have known both your father's and mother's family all my life. There is not the slightest danger of such a thing. Your sister's case is what one might call an accident; there is nothing whatever hereditary; so you may set your mind completely at rest on that subject. And now come along, my dear child. I will not listen to another word, or I shall have you fainting on my hands; you look very like it this minute. I shall write to your grandfather to-night, and tell him we have taken possession of you for a day or two."

And very pleasant peaceful days those were I spent at Beechgrove with my kind friends the Doctor and his wife. The burden of a lifetime seemed to have suddenly rolled away, and I felt so happy and lighthearted that I scarcely knew myself.

I saw my poor sister constantly. She seemed to have entirely forgotten our previous meeting and to be perfectly quiet and content, the paroxysm having passed over for the time; and I felt we never could be sufficiently grateful to Doctor and Mrs. Grant for their tender care of her—treating her, in fact, as if she were really their own child.

I reached Carrisbrook a few days before Easter, and was received with open arms by all three. They blamed themselves severely for having, through mistaken kindness, caused me so much needless suffering; but, after all, it was done for the best, and they never could have guessed what I felt about it.

Easter Eve came at last; and in the afternoon I stole off by myself to meet Jack at the train. How his face lighted up when he saw me standing on the platform! He sent on his luggage, and we walked to Carrisbrook House, acting on the principle that "the longest way round is the shortest way home," for we took a very long round indeed.

I told him all my story, my doubts and fears, and my horror of the dark mystery. He had heard about Eleanor years before, and knew it was a secret to me, but of course little dreamed what a trouble that secret was, or he would have taken it on himself to reveal it.

We stood in a lonely part of the road, with no spectators but a few hungry crows that perched disconsolately on the bare branches of a tree above us, and were too much occupied with their own affairs to pay any attention to us.

"Dolly," said Jack suddenly, stopping in his walk and confronting me, "this is Easter Eve. Have you remembered your promise, and got my answer ready for me?"

"Jack," I answered, looking up into his handsome manly face, the dearest to me in the whole world, "after all I have told you, are you not afraid to take me as your wife?"

And, for reply, he just drew me into his arms, and, placing one hand over my mouth, whispered softly—

"Hush!"

Her Deceiver.

BY BERTIE HAYLE.

CHARLES, the chief huntsman of Lord Mortimer, was undeniably a very handsome young man, the beau ideal of the lover, as pictured by the glowing imaginations of maidens, and the beau real of a dozen villages in the vicinity of Mortimer Castle. Yet was his beauty not amiable, but rather calculated to inspire terror and distrust than affection and confidence. In fact, a bandit may be uncommonly handsome; but, by the fierce, haughty character of his countenance, the fire which flashes from his eyes, and the contempt which curls his moustached lip, create fear, instead of winning regard, and this was the case with Charles.

One, however, of those maidens, unto whom it was the folly and vanity of his youth to pay general court, conceived for him a passion deep and pure, which in semblance, at least, he returned; but how far to answer his own selfish purposes, we shall hereafter discover.

Annette Martin was the daughter of a small farmer who resided about a mile and a half from the Castle, who, being a tenant of Lord Mortimer, had not only frequent occasion to go thither himself with the rural produce of his farm (for which the Castle was a ready market), but also to send Annette.

Thus, then, commenced that innocent girl's acquaintance with his lordship's chief huntsman, not long after Elliot's induction into that office by the resignation of his superannuated predecessor. Strange rumors were afloat respecting the conduct of Charles, none of which, it is to be presumed, met the lord's ear, or assuredly the deprivation of his office would have followed. But Lord Mortimer was a young man paying his addresses to a lady living some distance from the Castle, and consequently much absent from it.

And what said pretty Annette to the rumors which failed not to meet her ear, of her lover's misconduct?

"I don't believe a word of them! Charles may be fonder of pleasure than of business, but he is a young man; by and by he will see and feel the necessity of steady application to the duties of his situation, and become less wild and more manly."

"Never!" would be solemnly enunciated by Annette's auditors.

"As to the charge," would she undauntedly continue, "brought against him of cruelty to the dogs, it is an abominable falsehood. Elliot may be passionate—I don't say he is not—but he is generous and humane."

"And have you never seen," would ask some well-meaning tale-bearer, "any of those poor brutes whose wealed and mangled coats proclaimed how savagely they had been treated?"

"I have indeed seen," would answer Annette, "dogs lacerated by the thorns with which the Castle forests abound."

"And have you never observed the miserable skin-and-bone plight of my lord's hounds?"

"They are not thinner, Charles says, than most hounds in good training. When dogs get fat they become lazy, lose the faculty of finding game, and the inclination of bringing it down."

"Dogs, it is true, ought not to be pampered; but they ought to be fed."

Upon this, Annette would vehemently maintain that fed they were, and amply, as she had seen Elliot cut up their meat; whilst the friendly newsmonger would charitably hint that her intended knew as well as most men how to turn an honest penny by cheating the dogs of their food, and selling it elsewhere.

Annette cared little for insinuendoes, which she attributed chiefly to malice and ill-nature. None are so difficult to convince as those who are obstinately deaf to conviction, and there is an idolatry of affection which sometimes burns fonder and deeper, as its object is contemned and despised by the world.

Annette had also some idea that these and other reports to the prejudice of Charles originated with an unsuccessful rival, though poor William Curry, amiable, single-minded, and good-humored as he was, never breathed in her presence a syllable to the disparagement of Elliot.

Time sped on, and it was the bright summer-time, when rural folks take holliday (at least they did so then, but times have strangely altered in once merry England), the woods put on their finest green, and the people their finest clothes, for there were fairs, and rustic meetings in the vicinity of the Castle. Charles, the huntsman, might, as usual, be seen at these *fetes*, for, after his late victory, he carried his head higher, assumed a swaggering gait, and looked his neighbors out of countenance with impudent defiance.

The village feats were not yet over, when late one night a cavalier, passing through one of the great forests which surrounded the Castle, behold—for it was a moonlight night—a female form slowly sauntering about the bridle-way in which he was riding, and uttering heavy moans and sobs. At first, taking this figure for something supernatural, the cavalier was startled, but quickly recovering himself, he rode boldly up to, and addressed, the object of his idle fears.

"I have been waiting here for hours," replied the young woman, for such indeed she was, "and my friend is not yet come; I am sadly afraid, sir, some accident may have happened to him."

"Him!" quoth the stranger, laughing. "Oh, my good girl, if you be waiting for a gentleman, no wonder you are disappointed. He has played you false, rely upon it, and won't come to-night, so you'd better go home."

"Oh, sir!—oh, my lord!—I cannot—I dare not! What would father and mother say?

"Ay, Annette—Annette Martin—what could you say?"

"Only the truth, your lordship," replied the poor girl, sobbing and curtseying; "and then they'd turn me out of doors, for they do so hate Charles—Charles Elliot, your honor—that they've as good as sworn as they'll never consent to my marrying him; and so—and so I was just a-waiting here to-night for him to come, as he promised he would, and take me away to the far-off town, and——"

"And there marry you, I suppose, without your father and mother's consent—eh, Annette?"

"Yes, my lord, an' please you," replied the girl with another rustic dip.

"No, Annette," replied the young lord, "it does not quite please me; and Charles, at any rate, unless some very unforeseen circumstance should have detained him, shall know what I think of his present conduct to you! But come, mount behind me. I am unexpectedly returning to the Castle. Dame Trueby shall there make you comfortable for to-night. Your parents and friends shall never know but that your absence from home was occasioned by a regular visit to her; and your marriage in two or three days, with my sanction, Anbette, will settle matters."

The urbane young lord, alighting, assisted Annette to mount his noble steed, who, though overwhelmed by his kindness, refused to listen to all the consolation, or banterings, with which he endeavored to cheer her on her way, choosing rather to believe that some dreadful accident had befallen her lover, than that carelessness or perfidy caused his absence.

Dame Trueby's account was little calculated to soothe Annette's anxiety, or to satisfy Lord Mortimer respecting Elliott's proceedings.

"I have not seen Charles," said she, "since early this morning, when I heard him say he was going to feed the hounds, poor creatures! And time enough that he did, I think, considering that he left them without a morsel for a whole day and night, whilst he was capering away at Woodcroft Feast; and then—the beast!—what does he, but comes back so dead drunk that we were forced to carry him up to bed. Meanwhile, the hungry brutes—poor dumb souls!—just ready to eat one another, have been fit to raise the very dead with their barking, and yowling!"

"A sad account is this, Margery."

"A very true one, please, your lordship," replied the old housekeeper, testily.

"I don't doubt it," returned Lord Mortimer, "but cannot at this time of night, dame, with Charles absent, and this young woman, his intended wife, wanting some refreshment and a bed (for which, indeed, I have ample need myself), make any inquiry into the affair. Let Elliot call me in the morning, instead of More. Do you, meanwhile, make this young woman as comfortable as you can; and recollect, Mrs. Trueby, that she is come to the Castle upon a visit to you."

Margery curtseyed, and "yessed" and "very welled" with apparent submission; but though she dared not express her thoughts, it was easy to read in her ample countenance sad suspicions relative to the honor of her noble master, and of the forlorn damsel thus thrust upon her peculiar hospitality.

"And," continued Lord Mortimer, "Charles, you are sure, fed the dogs this morning?"

"Don't know, my lord, I'm sure," replied the old housekeeper, doggedly. "I suppose he did, and belike beat 'em too! I only know they've been quiet all day; which, it stands to reason, they would'nt have been without wittals. But Master Elliot I've not seen since."

"Not since early this morning; and 'tis now midnight! Where can he be?"

"The Lord knows, sir. After no good I doubt; for he's a wild lad, and these fairs and dances fairly turn his brain."

Little further passed that night between the young lord and his housekeeper. After taking some refreshment, he retired to rest; and poor Annette also sought, under the auspices of circumspect Mistress Margery, repose in Castle Mortimer, little anticipating the dreadful disclosure of the ensuing morning.

Charles, in fact, not having returned, one of the inferior serving-men, who durst not, now that his master was at home, stand upon the punctilio of "not my business," undertook, soon after dawn, "to see to the hounds" in his stead; when, upon opening the door of the large enclosure in which they were kept, he there beheld, to his unutterable consternation and horror, the mangled remnants of the careless and cruel huntsman. These consisted of his clothes, torn into strips and dyed in blood, with fragments sufficient of flesh and bone to attest the hideous fact that the ravenous brutes had, after their last long fast, sprang upon their tormentor (awful retribution!) even at the very moment when he appeared with their long-delayed meal, tore him in pieces, and devoured him!

Lord Mortimer, though he could not in conscience blame his canine favorites, nor forbear regarding his huntsman's fate as a signal instance of retributive justice, destroyed the whole pack after their ferocious banquet on human flesh.

The horrid story spread far and wide, and one of its earliest results was the appearance at Castle Mortimer of a poor woman and three young children, who stated, in an agony of grief, that she was the lawful wife of the deceased Charles Elliot, whom he had maintained in a distant town, unto whom his visits, when off duty at the Castle, and absent without leave, were sometimes paid; and who, with her children, being suddenly bereaved by his awful demise of their sole hope and support, now humbly threw themselves upon the benevolence of Lord Mortimer for employment and subsistence.

The grief and confusion of poor Annette Martin upon this discovery of black villany meditated against her by the unprincipled huntsman, and upon its miraculous and awful frustration, may be imagined. Yet it had also its beneficial influence; for whilst shuddering at the fearful end of the wretch who had plotted her destruction, her once fond affection was converted into bitter hatred; and ere long, blessing and thanking God for her miraculous preservation, and casting the very memory of her deceiver from her heart, she was, without much difficulty, persuaded to become the wife of William Curry, her once rejected, but really worthy and amiable admirer.

"Bring Myrtle."

BY CONSTANCE M'EWEN.

A NUMBER of letters were awaiting Colonel Haldane, Commandant of Newly, on his return from Parade. He was unmarried, rich, and rather distinguished-looking. It will therefore surprise no one that he was accustomed to receive a great many sweetly-scented, delicately-monogramed, prettily-worded letters from the various members of the fair sex with whom he was acquainted.

Amongst the little heap which lay before him was one conspicuous for its careless handwriting and rough envelope. Oddly enough, this was the one he selected first for perusal. Scrawled on the lip of the envelope were those words: "Bring Myrtle."

Colonel Haldane put up his gentlemanly eye-glass, and held his head a little on one side; he twisted his iron-grey [illegible] into a yet more grim expression as he inspected those curious words: "Bring Myrtle." Who was Myrtle? What was Myrtle? How many times [illegible] read the message he was called upon to [illegible]? But it was useless. "Bring Myrtle" remained on the lip of the envelope, an unsolved enigma.

Slowly he opened the letter. It was an invitation to afternoon tea at the Whites—people he knew slightly, as he knew so many in the heavily-garrisoned naval and military town close to the barracks at Newly.

The letter was from Miss Florence White, who wrote in her mother's name.

He called up a vision of Florence White. Tall and stately, a girl with a mass of golden brown hair, rolled off her forehead; a girl he had greatly admired, as one admires a serene and lovely landscape; a girl who made him feel provokingly "fogyish." *Other* young ladies rattled away at him, as if he were a sub, asked him to play tennis with them, and treated him like a mere youngster. But *this* young lady had placed him, with due regard to his complexion, in a shadowy corner of the drawing-room on one or two occasions when he had taken "tea" there, and had introduced him to some deep-toned matrons, as if in that direction lay his natural bias; and now this stately young lady sends him a jocular postscript bidding him "Bring Myrtle!"

Colonel Haldane sat down in the comfortable red velvet chair which faced the Parade-ground, and commanded a fine view of the ever-companionable sea. The little rippling waves had an expression of infant smiles to-day, and the buoyant clouds were chasing one another like schoolboys on a common. How innocent and fair was the world of nature! He sate dreaming over his problem "Bring Myrtle" quite happily.

A knock with the knob of a stick on the door breaks into his reflections, and Captain Hilton enters with his customary off-parade familiarity.

"Well, old fellow, what's up? Sea and sentiment, eh? It's fatal to sit in *that* attitude, looking at the sea. What's up, I ask you?"

Colonel Haldane roused himself from his reverie with an effort; he gently tapped his left hand with the letter which yet remained idly between his finger and thumb.

"Jane!" he said, addressing Captain Hilton by his nickname: "Jane! what on earth does it mean when you receive a message from a young lady to '*Bring Myrtle?*'" and he handed the envelope to Captain Hilton.

Jane, who had a rolling eye and a rollicking smile, took the envelope daintily, and, after reading it, pressed it to his heart, and said, with a strong brogue: "Why, man, it's a proposal! What do the ladies wear on their festal brows and twist about the flowing satin of their bridal gowns but myrtle? 'Bring myrtle,' I tell you, is a proposal—a bona fide proposal. I wish you every joy! She is a sweet girl, of a loyal one."

Without a word, Colonel Haldane sprang, in a theatrical manner, at the throat of Captain Hilton, and held him with a grip of iron.

"How dare you speak of Miss White like that? She is the most distinguished girl of my acquaintance. Apologize!"

Captain Hilton rolled his eye with a ghastly appeal on Colonel Haldane, when the latter as suddenly relaxed his grasp, and said:

"Forgive me, I but really I—I—object to such an unseemly idea."

"I beg your pardon, Colonel," said Captain Hilton, stiffly: "I object equally to being throttled. Allow me to wish you good morning."

"Stop, my friend," said Colonel Haldane, confusedly: "I don't know what is the matter with me! I'm half asleep, I think. Sea and sentiment, as you said just now. Come, my friend! *Do* tell me what on earth Miss White means."

"Means? something *green*," said Hilton, viciously; "but whether sprouting in a tub, after the fashion of the blossoming shrub, or done up in a glass case after the artificial mode, I know not. I wish you good morning, Colonel."

And with that he retreated to the mess-room.

"Blossoming shrub," murmured Colonel Haldane. "Bless his wit! Eureka! Now I have it!" And with that he sat down at his writing-table, and penned the following letter:

"An Myosotis 10, Avenue Victor Emmanuel,
"a Menton, Alpes Maritimes.

"Send the finest flowering Myrtle you possess to the following address: Miss Florence White, The Grange, Portertown, Sussex. The myrtle must arrive on the afternoon of September the 7th, one week from this date."

Then Colonel Haldane rang the bell hastily, and told his man to post the letter. This done, he placed the note from Miss Florence White in the pocket of his frogged coat, and then proceeded to read the rest of his correspondence.

The afternoon of the 7th duly arrived, and with a strange palpitation at his heart (a sensation which ought to have aroused his suspicions as to the exact state of his susceptibilities), Colonel Haldane drove up in his little carriage, with the tiger jumping up and down behind, to the gates of The Grange.

"Here comes the pig in the poke," said Felicity White, a younger daughter who was given to using her brains in off-hand criticism. "If a man will drive a carriage with a hood, what is one to call him, but a pig-in-a-poke, you know? He is fidgeting at the gate most awfully, Florence; do come and look."

"I like that hooded carriage," said Florence. And then she turned with ready grace to meet Colonel Haldane, who had just entered the room.

"Felicity and I were drawn to the window by the magnetical influence of your charming little carriage," she said. "I so admire your 'poke.'"

"Do you?" said Colonel Haldane, gratefully. "It is very kind of you!" and he looked steadfastly at Florence, absolutely blushing as he did so.

Florence, catching the glance interrogative, was arrested in her amiable intention of transporting him to the other end of the long lone drawing-room, and introduced him to Mrs Harlington, the Rector's wife. This agitated gentleman did not look exactly in a fit state to be discoursed to about winter blanket clubs and working men's clubs and friendly societies.

It's all very fine to talk about leading an unpuzzled existence, but *why* on earth did Colonel Haldane look at *her* with that unfathomable glance from his undeniably fine grey eyes? What did it mean? She fell away from him, musing, and turned the outward machinery of trite commonplaces on her greeting of the numerous guests, who were now rapidly arriving.

The Whites had just started a page, who answered to the ubiquitous name of "Tommy." In the midst of a buzz of voices intermingling with the frou-frou of rich dresses, Tommy suddenly darted into the room, and made straight for Miss Florence White.

Colonel Haldane, from his solitary seat in the deep recess of the bay window facing the entrance to "The Grange," felt an awful sensation come over him. Was this the myrtle arriving? and had the Menton folk absolutely charged the carriage to Miss White? What should he do? He shrunk behind the deep amber of the curtains, then as suddenly emerged.

"Bring Myrtle!" these were her own words, and he made a violent rush across the room to her side.

"It's the myrtle," he said, breathlessly. "Allow me! The stupid people have made a mistake," he continued, incoherently. "The idea of charging the carriage to you!" And he threw a coin into Tommy's baulful fingers.

Miss White looked at Colonel Haldane with ever-enlarging pupils. He had returned lately from Egypt, had had an illness on his return, and she remembered hearing that he had been obliged to have his head shaved. She continued to look at him quite tenderly, as these thoughts flitted phantom-like about her.

"Thank you, Colonel Haldane," she said. "You have saved me the trouble of fetching my purse. This is a new boy—country manners, you know; he wants instruction!" and smiling pleasantly, she moved out of the room after the vanishing figure of Tommy.

In the round, roomy hall stood a huge tub matted up and bearing the name, "Au Myosotis, a Menton," etc.

"It's a flowering myrtle," Miss," said Tommy; "the biggest the carrier says it ever fell to his duty to deliver."

"Fetch a pair of gardening scissors, Tommy," said Miss White; "and another time never venture to bring books into the drawing-room. Go to the housekeeper with that kind of thing."

Tommy took the color natural to him in yet deeper hues, and ran for the scissors. Miss White soon snipped the detaining strings, and gave way to a very natural delight as the starry blossoming myrtle was exposed to view.

"Very odd," she thought; "it's addressed unmistakably to me. Poor Colonel Haldane! What does it mean?"

Thinking again of the shaven head and Egypt, she sighed a little pensively and a little compassionately, and returned to the drawing-room just in time to escape the entry of Mrs. Danvers, whose forest cart, drawn by a lovely pair of Welsh ponies, she saw turning in at the gates. That lady now entered, followed by her inseparable companion, a perfect Dandy Dinmont, a long-bodied, low-legged, flap-eared, pedigreed creature, which rejoiced in the possession of seven prizes.

Florence immediately made a rush at the dog. "Ah! you have brought Myrtle! I was afraid, when I saw you this morning, that you would forget, though I mentioned it in my note!"

Both ladies had moved in the direction where still sat Colonel Haldane, plunged in startled reflections, in the recess of the window. Was this long-backed, low-legged, flap-eared dog the honored object of that message?

"Of course, I brought dear old Myrtle," retorted Mrs. Danvers. "I should suffocate at an afternoon if I hadn't a bit of natural life like that trusty Scotchman about me."

"*Now, it's explained!*" said a deep voice, from behind the amber curtains, and Colonel Haldane came forward once more.

The hesitation of his manner had vanished; he was smiling serenely, and his eyes were fixed with an expression of perfect understanding on the countenance of Miss White.

"Bring Myrtle!" he continued, laughingly. "This is Myrtle! Rival Myrtle can't be improved upon!"

Again Miss White's pupils enlarged sympathetically. Worse and worse! Poor Colonel Haldane! she trembled for his reason. Not so Mrs. Danvers. Fixing him with her bright eyes, she said: "What is explained? Confusion of circumstances?"

"Confusion of envelopes. Bring Myrtle was scribbled on the wrong back—that's all," said Colonel Haldane.

With a sudden illumination, Miss White sank down beside Colonel Haldane in the recess, with a deep blush of mortified confusion.

"Does that account for the presence of the flowering myrtle in the hall?" she asked, after a moment of horrified silence.

"Yes. Charming mistake for me," muttered Colonel Haldane. "Gave me an opportunity that I——" and he looked at Mrs. Danvers, who, with a finesse worthy of her, dashed away to the other end of the room to meet the extended hand of an apropos acquaintance. He went on smoothly enough now.—"An opportunity that I wanted. Will you one day wear a sprig of that other myrtle for me Florence?"

Miss White didn't say "No;" so she evidently intended to say "Yes."

Darby's Burden.

BY OLIVE BELL.

IT was a cold morning in January. The snow was frozen into a hard crust on the slippery streets, making walking difficult, not to say dangerous, to the many pedestrians that thronged the sidewalks. The air was filled with a frosty haze, every lamp-post, and projection of any kind was covered with rime in picturesque wreaths of frost flowers—a scene, that would, at any other time have gladdened the heart of Darby M'Kenzie, the honored porter of Laird & Loughry's great ware-house, for Darby, stout, healthy and weather-proof delighted in the glories of Winter.

But Darby was under a cloud. He hurried through the streets, his overcoat buttoned up to his chin; his warm mittened hands thrust deep into the pockets, and his seal cap—a present from the firm—pulled down over his eyes. Said eyes—honest, frank blue ones—stared straight before him, his usually cheerful face wearing a grave, preoccupied look, as he walked briskly along, talking to himself, as he was in the habit of doing when in deep thought.

"It's a heavy burden," more than one passer-by heard him mutter, and a few turned and looked after him, but the 'burden' was not visible. The heavy doors of the ware-house flew back as Darby inserted the key in the lock, and for a short time he was too busily occupied to think of his burden. Before many minutes had elapsed, Darby had roaring fires in the large stoves at either end of the ware-house, and removing his heavy coat and wraps he stood with his back to the rear stove, and gazed abstractedly at the door of the private office for it was slightly ajar, and he thought—he could not be sure—that he had closed it the evening before.

"I must have left it that way," was his mental comment. "I'll not start the fire in there, yet a bit. It's a cold morning and they won't be down early."

Darby sighed deeply, and shifted uneasily from one foot to the other.

"It's an awful burden," he groaned, "I wish I had not touched the pesky thing." Darby's hand went up to the breast pocket of his coat, in a mechanical way, just as it had done a hundred times, in the last two days, to reassure himself that his precious [illegible] were safe. [illegible] he heat, or that a pair of curious eyes were watching him through the half-open door of the private office.

Darby kept his hand on the breast pocket of his coat and glanced down at the toes of his boots in a troubled way.

"What put me to it, anyhow!" he sighed. "Satan's got me, sure. It's not mine, and I'm a thief. Sin is a heavy burden. So it is—so it is! Ah! I've carried that wallet next my heart for two days and a night, and I know it."

Darby grew positively nervous. Some unseen power seemed drawing him towards that half-open door. Was it the mesmeric influence of those keen, curious eyes? Darby saw nothing, but with his hand still on the pesky thing, next his heart, he went [illegible] a low, awful whisper

"I'll just put it back where I found it. It's a cursing shame for me, an old man of forty, and trusted here for the last twenty years, to commit such a sin. I hope God will look over it, for the devil surely put it in my mind."

With a few brisk steps Darby was at the door. Throwing it wide open, he paused on the threshold as if stunned. For instead of cold emptiness, he found the genial heat of a red-hot stove, and Mr. Laird, the senior member of the firm, who with his white hair, and pale patrician face, was a striking contrast to stout rosy-faced Darby, who stood slinking in the doorway.

"How—how, did you get in?" sputtered the porter, red and white, by turns.

"Let myself in with my private key," said Mr. Laird, with an odd scrutinizing look into Darby's flushed face. "I have been here since four o'clock. Darby, I am greatly worried about a wallet. I either lost, or mislaid in this room. There was over four hundred dollars in bank bills in it, and some valuable papers. Did you see it?"

Now was Darby's chance to get rid of his burden. But shame sealed his lips, and prompted him to another sin.

"Did you search for it everywhere?" Darby questioned. "If you are sure you lost it in the office, somebody must have found it."

"Somebody did find it, surely; but who was it? Tell me that Darby!"

"I cannot tell, sir," answered Darby, which was the veritable truth, for his moral courage was not equal to the task of confession.

"I am sorry;" sighed Mr. Laird, turning away with a disappointed air, "for the papers were very valuable." Darby backed out of the office, glad to get away from the searching eyes of his employer. For it seemed to Darby that Mr. Laird had regarded him suspiciously.

But these fears were totally without foundation, for Mr. Laird never once thought of Darby concealing the wallet, if he had found it. For the good old man had no evil thoughts of the servant that had served him so honestly for twenty years, yet in watching Darby that morning he had noticed something peculiar in his conduct.

If Darby's burden had been oppressive in the early morning, it was doubly so now. He went about like a man in a dream, thinking until thought became an agony. He was alone in the world—if he fell through weakness, he had no kindred to to put to shame yet; until the present time no error could ever be charged to his name. Faults he had in plenty, but no heinous sin had ever blurred the purity of his honest, toiling life. And when he found the leathern wallet, stuffed with bills, he had no thought of keeping it. That was an after-thought, born doubtless from a little touch of greed in Darby's nature. He was laying by a little—dollar by dollar, out of his wages, and he had a childish desire to add to his bank account. It was of slow growth and this roll of bills would make the amount so much larger, that Darby suddenly resolved to keep it. But, after many fruitless attempts to keep the sin of the act out of his mind, Darby had found, that the "keeping" of it, was a laborious task. He could not forget that his employers trusted him as general caretaker of the ware-house and how unworthy he had betrayed the trust. If he could only get the office to himself, he would put the wallet back among the waste paper, where he had found it. But both members of the firm kept closely to the room, evidently worried about something. The murmur of their voices often reached Darby's ears as he went about his duties, and his burden was hourly growing heavier.

Darby was standing before the stove in the office, with a bucket of coal in his hand, when he heard Mr. Laird say with a deep sigh—

"The note was in that wallet, I have lost. I had neglected to put them in the safe."

"And where's the wallet?" said Mr. Loughry, a wiry, sharp-eyed little man, glancing over his spectacles at Darby, who dropped his coal-scuttle in a sudden fit of consternation. "What's the matter, man!" cried the sharp, quizzing voice, "you did no' steal it, Darby?"

To the amazement of both men—for Mr. Loughry had only put the question in a jesting way—Darby faced them, the picture of shame, and abject humility, and slowly drawing the leathern wallet from his coat pocket, he laid it on the desk before them.

"Darby!" exclaimed both gentlemen in the same breath.

"It's been a heavy burden—my first and my last," groaned Darby, wiping the drops of sweat from his hot flushed face. "Them that likes to take what don't belong to them, may take it, and welcome; but if you'll forgive me this once, I'll never let Satan in on me again."

If open confession is good for the soul, Darby's certainly rejoiced in felicity, for he gave a clear self-humiliating account of his temptation, adding by way of conclusion—

"I have carried many burdens in my day but that wallet was the heaviest. Ye may discharge me if you like, but I'll never touch the weight of a pin that don't belong to me."

"I think we can trust you yet, Darby;" said the kind voice of Mr. Laird. "I am glad you had the courage to confess."

"It was tough work," muttered Darby as with a low bow, he went meekly out of the office.

"It has done him good," said Mr. Loughry with a smile, "for Darby supposed himself invincible. But I feel, never throw another pocket book among your waste paper."

A needless caution, for Darby avoided the vicinity of his employer's desk, as if it had been plague-smitten.

"WHAT are you buying now?" asked one gentleman of another. "I am looking for some present to give my wife on her birthday. I tell you making presents costs a heap of money." "Why don't you do as I do? I have never failed to make my wife a present on her birthday every year for twenty-five years and I am not out a cent thus far." "How do you manage it?" "It is very simple. After we were married, when her birthday came around I gave her a twenty dollar gold piece. When my birthday came around she gave me the twenty dollar piece back, and we have kept that up ever since and neither of us is out a cent."

THERE is no blank so blank as the blank that appears before a man when he gets up in a public assembly and forgets what he was going to say—unless it is the blank which appears before an amateur in a skating-rink when his legs begin to spread out and he don't know which one to follow.

Our Young Folks.

ALLAN THE HERO.

BY PIPKIN.

THERE was a mad dog abroad in the village of Netherby; all the young folk were much excited, the timid fearful, the brave waxing more valiant. The girls, of course, ranged among the former, and pestered their brothers not a little by begging them to accompany them in their walks and rambles.

"The silly geese!" quoth Frank Stanton. "I do believe that girls are made up of a bundle of shivers and fears."

"Well, if they are afraid, 'tisn't without reason," returned Allan Grey to this ungallant speech.

"You say that because you're half a girl yourself," remarked Stanton's younger brother, Ned.

Allan reddened.

"'Tisn't half a bad thing to be a girl," replied he, determined not to be annoyed at this speech.

"Oh, yes; to be coddled and taken care of by us fellows," was the elder brother's retort. Then they lapsed into silence, wending on blithely through the spring sunshine toward school.

The two Stantons were the sons of a doctor, and Grey the only son of a clergyman. Great chums were the three, only the Stantons were Grey's superiors in muscular strength—and courage too, they were over-fond of saying. The lad's refined face told somewhat of the same story; as to moral courage and power of endurance, heady, ardent youth reeks little of that.

"Well, he's worried some of Farmer Giles' sheep like fury," spoke Allan presently, breaking the silence.

"Yes," said Frank. "The creature ought to be killed and done with."

"But how?" queried Allan; "and by whom?"

"Hit him on the back in the right place, and the thing is soon done. And as to whom, let any of us fellows cross his path, and we'll make short work of him, won't we Ned?"

"Ay, won't we?" acquiesced that brave heart, while Allan plodded on behind the two, thinking his own thought.

Well, the mad-dog fever well-nigh died out before the mighty football match. All the crack hands, as the boys expressed themselves, somewhat inappropriately, were to take part in it; the two Stantons, and Allan Grey, who was a nimble, strong-toed fellow enough, they averred, when counting up the merits of the party. But ah! on the very first holiday set apart for the game Grey was found wanting.

"Now, old fellow, don your gear, and away with us! We're late already," cried the elder of the brothers, as the two burst in upon him, like a gust of March wind, in football trim, ball in hand, as he sat alone in the dining-room with his book.

"No, thank you, kind sirs," returned he, laconically.

"And why, pray?" was the impatient retort.

"Too much trouble, your noble worships."

"A pack of stuff!" cried impatient Ned. "You don't do us that way, you old bookworm."

"Your reasons, pray—your reasons?" asked Frank, in good-natured banter.

"Well, I've other fish to fry;" and for the life of him, he could not keep back a tell-tale blush.

"Well, go your own way. Come along, Ned; we're late enough as it is, without wasting any more time here;" and the way they slammed the door after them spoke their annoyance more than words.

"What a muff that fellow is!" quoth Frank, as they went along. "A regular molly-coddle. There's no more pluck in him than the veriest girl I know."

Well, away they went helter-skelter, while Allan Grey smiled, and laid aside his book.

"They're gone off in a mighty huff, but how was I to know, weeks ago, when I promised little Dolly to take her a row on the river on her birthday, that they'd fix on to-day for practice?" soliloquised he. "And if I'd told them, they'd have roasted me almost to death;" and up went the hot flush to his cheeks again.

Dolly was a little winsome maiden of eight, living alone with her widowed mother; and a warm friendship had sprung up between the small girl and the lad nearly twice her age. He doted on her with all a boy's chivalrous devotion to the weak and confiding, and she looked up to him as a mighty hero.

"Better offend them than disappoint little Dolly," said he, half aloud, as he espied the two from the window hurrying on through the quadrangle, and anon he took the same road for a while, toward the sparkling river, where Dolly awaited him with a child's impatience.

Hooray! the bright, beautiful water, the dear little boat so clean and trim, one scull lying in it ready for use; the other Allan was to bring.

"Yes, he said he would bring a new scull, yes, he did," sang wee Dolly, dancing a jig as she waited and waited, the gay little fish in the river speeding to and fro the while, as if in full cry at a game of hide-and-seek.

"Boys are so long, and girls are so quick," grumbled the mite, as still she waited, and he came not. Then she gathered a bunch of flowers and blossoming reeds to while away the time, and still he was not in sight.

"I'll get into the boat all by myself. Boys think girls can't do anything, but they can; they can do ever so much better than great boys, that are so long coming." Thus mused wee Dolly, and climbed into the boat; and then she waited, while the sun began to sink, and the day to grow weary and fade.

"Oh! I wonder where he is? He said he'd come, and so he will," said the confiding child, and waited on in her guileless trust.

Now to return to Allan. Half-way to the river came a bend in the road, and down this way toddled a little old woman in a scarlet cloak. A few yards lay between her and Allan ere they would meet, when—oh, horror!—what was that yelping, foaming thing tearing on, a rabble behind, some with pitchforks, some brandishing sticks, and some shouting and brandishing nothing? It came like a whirlwind upon the two; the lad armed with his new scull, the feeble old woman armed with nothing save her woman's weakness.

"Oh! young sir, 'tis the mad dog—save me as you would your own mother. I'd run, but I don't know how." So screamed the little red-cloaked bundle of fears, and made such queer efforts to run, that at another time he would have smiled, even in his pity. But now there lay scarce a step between them and death. Ah! he was darting toward the old woman. She stumbled and fell; the hunted, infuriated beast was upon her; no, no, Allan was there; and then he struck at the dog with the scull.

"In the right place," came Frank Stanton's words like an echo to him. Ah! he had struck him in the wrong place; the poor, enraged, foaming creature uttered a yell, and seized him by the leg. Nearer and nearer come the uproarious crowd in front; behind, the little old woman was scrambling to her feet. A faintness as of death clutched at his heart for a moment, then he swung the scull down on the dog's back with all a boy's strength. It fell on the right place this time; the animal now lay a quivering, dying brute, his poor, foaming, troubled life well-nigh over.

The rabble came up; the little old woman was a "brick"—to use a boy's term—for she stood by Allan, and wept over what she spoke of as his untimely end.

"No, not so bad as that, mother," said a young man, laying a hand on Allan's shoulder. "You must come to yon cottage, and we'll send for a doctor, and have it burnt out—'tis a sharp remedy, but a sure one." And Allan allowed himself to be led away as in a dream.

They laid him down, for a faintness seized him, and the little old woman sat beside him, and fanned him, and the moments went by as on leaden feet, while the doctor tarried. They shut the crowd out; the boy and the little old woman were alone. Would it be life, or that terrible death he had so often heard described? He was very calm when one stole in and told him that the doctor was long of coming, and a courageous fellow among the crowd had volunteered to cauterise the wound with a piece of hot iron, because delay was dangerous, as death is dangerous.

"Yes, burn it; I'll not shrink," said the brave lad, and a sob almost had its way as he thought of his father and mother, and dear little Dolly waiting on the river's bank for him. Clasping his hands together, he let them do their will—those rough, kindly men with steady hands, as they scorched the jagged bleeding wound.

"'Tis sharp, but sure, young sir," quoth he, the operator. "Why, 'tis a brick you are!" he exclaimed as the lad neither winced nor moaned through the terrible ordeal.

And when the doctor arrived he pronounced the operation effective, and nothing was left for him to do but to bind it up professionally, and to enjoin quiet. A messenger was despatched for a carriage, and while it tarried, who should sweep by but the football players, in high exultation, hot from the field.

"What's the row in there?" asked Frank Stanton, seeing the crowd of on-lookers besieging the cottage.

Grey's doughty deed was told, and then one and another came to the window to peer in.

"Grey, old fellow, may I come in?" questioned Frank, in an awe-struck tone.

"Yes," was the faint rejoinder, for the boy was glad to see a friend's face. So he stole in through the gloaming.

"Why, Grey, old man, who'd have thought this was the fish you had to fry?" Tears were in his eyes. Allan only pressed his hand.

"You're a brick more than any of us!" was Frank's outspoken opinion and then the carriage was announced.

"Let me kiss thee, young sir," pleaded the little old woman in the red cloak ere they bore him out; and so he did, and, what is more, Frank Stanton never thought of laughing.

They crowded round the carriage like bees, all the football band.

"Go and see after little Dolly Winton, waiting by the river, and take her home," whispered Allan to Frank. "I promised her a row; that was the fish I meant to fry."

"All right," quoth Frank, with a knowing nod. Then amid many hip-hips and hurrahs, the carriage drove off. And what more? The cauterised wound healed, Allan kept his character for being a hero, and little Dolly said, as the Stantons bore her home royally between them, arms interlaced, as in a chair of state—

"Boys are almost as good as horses; they carry so nicely. I'm sure they're as good as donkeys."

To live simply is a great art.

A TERRIBLE RIDE.

BY T. P. COWLING.

IF two persons, from the fact of having met before, might dispense with the ceremony of introduction in nine cases out of ten, my readers would not need a word of preface from me, but would be content with my proceeding with my story at once. In fact, I shall do so, after a brief description of myself, not as I am, but as it is my wont to appear in public.

Are you living in the country? Then the chances are that at a not very remote hour you have seen prowling about the neighborhood a man who might have been a tramp, a bricklayer out of work, an ex-pugilist, a dog-stealer—any one or all of the three, as his dress would present such a strange combination as to utterly confound your attempt to guess the particular grade to which the stranger belonged. That man was Detective Trace.

Are you a resident of the West-end, who know by heart the faces of those whom you meet during your promenades in Regent Street and the parks? If so, perhaps you have seen a man who has puzzled you—a "swell," faultlessly "got up" as to his dress, and with a profuse yet quiet display of jewelry. You may have noticed that, whilst he apparently participated in the pleasures of the gay crowd of idlers, his eyes was restless, and failed not to scan the features of every masculine and feminine face that passed him, and this too without the slightest approach to rudeness; and your keen eye detected that his jewels were paste, and you could not, do what you would, "make him out." He was Dtective Trace.

Does your business ever carry you through the purlieus of St. Giles, or the foul courts and alleys of Whitechapel? If I may take it for granted that such is the case, you will perhaps remember noticing during your progress a man who apparently did not know what to do with himself—a down cast-looking fellow hanging round the door of a public-house or gin-palace, with his hands deep in the pockets of a pair of greasy corduroys and his chin half-hidden in a gaudy "Belcher" neckerchief, whilst he passed the time by puffing dense clouds of smoke from a short black pipe. He did not trouble you much however; you simply said to yourself, "Some poor fellow out of work." But you were wrong. He was Detective Trace.

Whether you are of the town or country, you have, I presume, travelled by railway, and sometimes found your *vis-a-vis* an affable loquacious old gentleman with spectacles, who rested his palms on the handle of a stout stick or umbrella, whilst he quietly scrutinised and bandied an inoffensive joke with each passenger who entered or left the carriage at the different stations, and who, in spite of a troublesome asthmatical cough, so managed to ingratiate himself with his fellow-travellers as to almost draw from them the history of their travels for any past period. Perhaps it has been your lot to see this same agreeable old gentleman condescend to a sudden fit of seriousness as he whispered in the ear of one of the occupants of the compartment who was going to alight. It is possible this may have surprised you; but what followed this strange movement gave you a clue to the mystery. You witnessed an altercation, followed by the sharp click of handcuffs, and you knew that he was Detective Trace.

Maybe at times you have had a difficulty in killing a weary hour or so, and have amused yourself by listening to the "cases" at the nearest police-court. If so, your eye has wandered to the witness-box as the officer in charge of the culprit has entered it. Whom did you see there? A man who no longer hoisted false colors, for there was no further need of disguise; he had thrown it aside, and stood revealed in his true character, wearing the uniform of a sergeant in the Police force, as, having kissed the Sacred Book, he proceeded at once to tell "the truth, and nothing but the truth," *et-cætera* and gave in his name as Sergeant Trace. But, although he has long been superannuated and the winter of time has somewhat thinned and silvered his hair, his evidence, whilst he reclines in his easy chair, shall be as true, the fact which he asserts shall be as irrefragable, as when years ago he kissed the Sacred Book in the court over which the blind goddess presides.

To begin then—Sergeant Trace and I are one and the same person.

Many years ago I was instructed to discover the whereabouts of a young lady who was "wanted"—why it is unnecessary for me to tell; but it was in the execution of my duty that an accident occurred which nearly cost me my life.

I had tracked the fugitives to Brighton, where I made the discovery that she was just upon the point of returning to London. This suited me admirably, as I could delay the disagreeable business of arrest till we arrived at the end of the journey; but, in order to be upon the safe side, I of course did not lose sight of her, and finally seated myself in the same compartment of the train as she herself occupied.

It was the morning express and our compartments contained but three passengers, a gentleman, a lady—the object of my pursuit—and myself. The guard locked the door; and then commenced the most terrible journey I ever made in my life. I scanned the features of the gentleman opposite to whom I sat, and saw that his eyes were intently fixed upon me.

The discovery was anything but pleasant for there was a dark malicious look in his face that I did not at all relish; so, quietly drawing a paper from my pocket, I became apparently absorbed in its contents, whilst from under my lids I kept a sharp eye upon the stranger. When I again turned to meet his eye, I was more than ever convinced that he was bent upon mischief, though he had not spoken, for his hand was clutching nervously at something in the breast-pocket of his coat, and his gaze was riveted upon me.

Was it a pistol he had in that pocket? I wondered. Such a thing was not at all unlikely; and coupled with the fact that the man himself had every appearance of a maniac, my position was anything but agreeable, for we had a fifty minutes' run before us without a stoppage.

However, to have let him know my suspicions would but have been to place myself at a disadvantage; so, settling myself down for a nap, I so arranged my hat that I could watch his hand without his knowing it. No sooner had I apparently fallen asleep than he jumped from his seat with the evident intention of springing upon me; but, quick as he was, I was quicker, and in an instant I had him by the throat and hurled him on to his back. Before I could thoroughly master him, he turned the tables, and I was down upon the floor of the car, with a madman sitting upon my chest.

All this occurred in a moment, and the first sound that reached my ear was a piercing scream from the lady whom I was about to arrest; but she did not faint, or I might not have lived to tell my story.

No sooner had the superior strength of the maniac stretched me upon my back than, clutching my throat with one hand, he drew a dagger from his breast with the other.

"Wretch," he hissed, rather than spoke, "do you suppose I am going to let a miserable scoundrel like you baffle me in a love affair? You've been following me long enough; but I'll stop it now!"

"No," I gasped; "you are really mistaken. It was nothing but chance that threw me in your road; and I don't even know whom you are, whilst I do not seek to harm you."

I said this with the object of mollifying, and at the same time humoring him, if, as it appeared, he thought that I had been following him, whilst I watched for any chance that might offer to free myself from his grasp.

But an unexpected movement on the part of the fair passenger caused my assailent to turn his head.

"Stay," she said—"I will help you! It will be such fun, you know. Listen! I'll count twenty, and, while I am doing so you hold the dagger suspended over him, and, when I come to nineteen, strike. But you must keep your eye fixed upon him, or he may struggle and balk you yet!"

Good Heaven, I thought, was she going to assist him, or was it only a ruse to gain time for me?

"Wait!" he cried, in turn interrupting her. "You are a good little woman, and I'll do as you say; but I must first get a firmer hold of him;" and, tightening his grasp round my throat, he thrust his knee deep into my chest and bade her commence to count.

"Ready!" he cried, and once more raised the dagger.

Then commenced what I thought was my death-knell. Slowly she began to "One—two—three.

"Nine—ten—eleven"—by this time she had crept a step nearer, and before "fifteen" was reached, the neck of my would-be assassin was encircled by the twisted shawl, and he himself dragged backwards, striking at the air.

The moment I was free I sprang to my feet, and, seizing the madman's wrists, I was enabled, whilst my fair assistant tightened the shawl, to put on the handcuffs, but not till after a desperate struggle, accompanied by some nasty wounds from the dagger. Then I bound his ankles together with my neckerchief, which was a long one of the old-fashioned kind: but, as I had nothing with which to secure his elbows to his side, I deemed it imprudent to allow him to rise until such time as I had obtained further aid; so, sitting astride of him, I took charge of the shawl-ends, just holding them sufficiently tight, as occasion required, to enable me to keep him down till the train rolled slowly into the terminus at London.

When the guard, by our cries for help, discovered our predicament, strong arms soon secured the madman and conveyed him to the waiting-room, where, upon being searched, we discovered, by means of his card-case, his name and address; and on inquiry it turned out that he had been for some time the inmate of a private asylum, but had recently made his escape.

Of course no time was lost in re-conveying him thither; but the strangest part of the affair was his meeting and falling in love with the lady who was then being sought for by myself. And it was whilst silently admiring her at a distance he conceived the idea that I, who had also an interest in keeping her in sight, was dogging his steps.

Certainly he evinced remarkably good taste and a keen eye for a pretty face, for the fair one was by no means devoid of personal attraction; though I think that had be known—But I forgot myself. I is not my intention to say more than I can possibly help concerning the lady in question.

An English railway employee wishing to leave the company's service must give notice, but he can be discharged without warning; in France an employee can quit when he likes, but if he is dismissed he is entitled to fifteen days' wages. In the United States no notice or pay is required or granted on either side.

A REQUIEM.

BY G. B. STUART.

Forward! Alas, we cannot yet
Look forward thro' the winter night;
A friend is passing out of sight:
Can we, about his bier, forget?

We shared so many joys of his:
The growing marvel of spring leaves,
The brooding swallows in the eaves,
The white soul of the chrysalis;

The blush upon the apple-tree,
The heavy-headed fields of June,
The bridging pathway of the moon,
In August nights, across the sea.

Some gusts of swiftly-driving rain,
Some tears there may have been as well:
But looking back, we only tell
That sunshine on the land has lain.

In vain we long to hold him here,
In vain we clasp him close and tight:
The bells break harshly through the night,
And our old friend becomes "last year!"

Forward! There may be much in store,
Ere long a Dawn of Hope be ours,
A child of Promise crowned with flowers—
But our Last Year comes back no more!

CURIOUS EPITAPHS.

THE supervision which is now exercised over the inscriptions upon tombstones has caused a great change from the epitaphs of a hundred or more years ago. In some old English churchyards we find the following:

The first is a lament of an intended bride over her lover:

The wedding-day appointed was,
And wedding-clothes provided;
Before the nuptial day, alas!
He sicken'd and he die did.

At Plymouth is the following:

Grieve not for me, my parents dear;
Grieve not for me, I pray;
For the thing which proved to be my death
I received upon the Quay.

John Bidwell's epitaph at Dachet, near Windsor, reads almost like the rollicking chorus of a song:

Here lies the body of John Bidwell,
Who when in life wished his neighbor no evil;
In hopes up to jump,
When he hears the last trump,
And triumph over Death and the Devil.

The following punning verse is on a tombstone in Sheffield church yard, erected above the grave of John Knott, a scissors-grinder:

Here lies a man that was Knott born,
His father was Knott before him,
He lived Knott, and did Knott die,
Yet underneath this stone doth lie.
Knott christened,
Knott begot,
And yet was Knott.

A husband sings above the grave of his better-half:

This spot is the sweetest I've seen in my life,
For it raises my flowers and covers my wife.

And in Eldon church-yard another greatly-relieved individual says:

Here lies my wife in earthly mould,
Who when she lived did naught but scold.
Peace! wake her not, for now she's still;
She had, but now I have my will.

In Worcester churchyard is the following affecting double kind of compliment:

Martha and I lived together
Just two years and a half;
She went first, and I followed after—
The cow before the calf.

An Irishman wrote the following oft-quoted lines for his epitaph:

Here I lays,
Paddy O'Blase,
My body quite at its aise is,
With the tip of my nose
And the points of my toes
Turned up to the roots of the daisies.

A tailor has the following epitaph:

Fate cuts the thread of life, as all men know;
And Fate cut his, though he so well could sew.
It matters not how fine the web is spun,
'Tis all unravell'd when our course is run.

In a French cemetery there are the following concise inscriptions on one tombstone; the epitaph is on husband and wife:

I am anxiously expecting you.—A. D. 1827.
Here I am.—A. D. 1867.

Near Southampton is the following circumstantial statement:

Pray, reader, stop and read my fate,
What caused my life to terminate:
For thieves one night, when in my bed,
Broke in my house and shot me dead.

The following, which is rather hard upon the deceased lady, is said to adorn a Manchester churchyard:

Here rests in silent clay
Miss Arabella Young,
Who on the 21st of May
Began to hold her tongue.

This other one is slightly invidious:

Here lies Margaret Sexton,
Who never did aught to vex one;
Not like the woman under the next stone.

At Surrey, a wood-cutter thus describes his final exit:

The Lord saw good; I was lopping off wood,
And down fell from the tree;
I met with a check, and I broke my neck,
And so Death lopped off me.

A photographer has this rather pat inscription over him:

Here I lie, taken from life.

In St. Peter's church-yard, Isle of Thanet, is an epitaph written by some elgaic rhymster who was very careful not to stand committed to the facts:

Against his will,
Here lies George Hill,
Who from a cliff
Fell down quite stiff.
When it happened is not known,
Therefore not mentioned on this stone.

The following refers to an individual who, though placed in a menial situation, was celebrated in the neighborhood of the Royal Exchange for his arithmetical knowledge and accurate information respecting the funds, lotteries, finance, etc.:

In Memory of a faithful servant of a kind and benevolent master. Placed in a humble station, he Added the strictest Sobriety to inflexible Honesty, allowing no Subtraction from his Vigilance and Care, but Dividing with his master all his anxious thoughts, although he thereby Multiplied his own. He always made his own Sum a Stock of Intelligence, a fund of Information to others. He Consolidated his mind by Fortitude, and Reduced every Calamity by Patience. Whether things were better or worse, he constantly looked upwards; and with that serenity which marked him truly wise, he was not to be raised by a Fraction, nor depressed with a Shade. As it was his master's Interest, he made it his Account to satisfy all, and to render to every one his due. Though surrounded by the advocates of Chance, he never denied the dispensation of Providence. Valuing the hits of fortune as unexpected prizes, no blank would he ever suffer in his mind; but was ever full of gladdening hope, and cheerful expectation that he should, on the great Settling Day, either first or last, be drawn from the grave, to receive the reward of a good and faithful servant.

Grains of Gold.

A man to be happy must be friends with himself.

To appreciate a difficulty is an important step towards overcoming it.

To what atrocities cannot that mind reach which is impelled by self-avarice.

We confess small faults by way of insinuating that we have no great ones.

It is impossible to ascertain how far virtue will predominate until opposed by temptation.

Praise is something as hurtful as censure. It is as bad to be blown into the air as to be cast into a pit.

A wise and good man does nothing for appearance, but everything for the sake of having done well.

Common sense does not ask an impossible chess-board, but takes the one before it, and plays the game.

He that gives good advice builds with one hand; he that gives good counsel and example, builds with both.

Success soon palls. The joyous time is when the breeze first strikes our sails, and the waters rustle under our bows.

It argues a poor opinion of ourselves when we cannot see any other class of merit besides our own, or any rival in that class.

We have already too much disclosed our secrets to a man from whom we think any one single circumstance is to be concealed.

A promise should be given with caution, and kept with care. It should be made with the heart, and remembered by the head.

Pride, like the magnet, constantly points to one object; but, unlike the magnet, it has no attractive pole, but at all points repels.

Those who are the most distrustful of themselves are the most envious of others; as the most weak and cowardly are the most revengeful.

It signifies little what we say of our acquaintance, so that we do not tell them what others say against them. Tale-bearers make all the real mischief.

When a man begins to love money for money's sake, and not for what it will procure, it is no longer a desire for independence, but the provision of avarice.

The world is governed by three things—wisdom, authority and appearances. Wisdom for thoughtful people, authority for rough people, and appearances for the great mass of superficial people.

It is the temper of a blade that must be the proof of a good sword, and not the gilding of the hilt or the richness of the scabbard; so it is not his grandeur and possessions that make a man considerable, but his intrinsic merit.

Femininities.

Women's names adorn more than half the American sailing ships.

Love is a fellow going around swapping a peck of trouble for a pint of happiness.

The heart of a woman never grows old; when it has ceased to love, it has ceased to live.

Mrs. Filkins says that a more appropriate name for stag parties would be stagger-parties.

Sicilian brides are compelled to have their eyebrows shaved off previous to marriage.

Button-hole bouquets are admissible only when the "bouquet" consists of a single flower.

The Vassar College authorities are in despair. The girls will skate, and a roller-rink must be provided.

A young lady acts as sexton of a Lawrenceville, Ga., church, and is said to be the only one of that sex in the State.

Goblets have had their day, and must go. Every one will welcome the return to the good, old-fashioned, comfortable tumbler.

In all South American cities etiquette prohibits ladies from going shopping, or upon the streets, even in day time, without escorts.

Trains for evening dresses are ruled out of style, and ladies who make any pretensions to youth wear short dresses on every occasion.

It is said that Mr. Gladstone hates the big bunch of flowers that always adorns his coat lapel in Parliament, but his wife makes him wear it.

A philosopher asserts that the reason why ladies' teeth decay sooner than gentlemen's, is because of the friction of the tongue and the sweetness of the lips.

Intelligence is a very good thing in a wife, but the taste of young men rather runs to beauty. They prefer a well-formed girl to a merely well-informed one.

The Governor of Dakota has vetoed the Woman-Suffrage bill. As soon as his wife gets her divorce, he is likely to be boycotted by every maid and matron in the land.

In Arizona any person who uses profane, indecent, vile, or abusive language, or threats, within the hearing of women or children, is held liable by law to fine or imprisonment.

San Francisco has a feminine Wilhelm Tell, who has outshot everything on the coast, having challenged Carver, Bogardus and others, now sighs for male shooters to conquer.

Even dishcloths have their modicum of ornamentation in these days of high art. A recent bride has embroidered a set of those homely towels, in hopes the cook may "live up to them" in other respects.

It was a dreadful typographical error last week which, in a description of the study of a popular authoress, made the types say that the windows of her room were "tastefully decorated with choice hanging pants."

Recently at Lincolntown, Ga., the postage stamp on the envelope of an apparently innocent epistle was accidentally removed, and under it was discovered a warmly affectionate message written in very small characters.

"Ah, George, did you propose to Vivian?" "No—she made the proposal before I had a chance to say anything." "She did? What did she say?" "She proposed that I leave the house immediately, and I accepted."

Miss Parvenu: "I was almost sorry, mamma, that you spoke so rudely to that poor little Mrs. Wilkins." Mamma: "Well, my dear, pray where is the satisfaction of being in the first society if you cannot snub those who are out of it?"

"If man wants to own the earth, what does woman want?" inquired Mr. Grab, of his better-half, after a little family matinee, a few days ago. "Well, my dear," responded that lady in a gentle, smothering tone, "to own the man, I suppose."

A lady in the St. Paul, L. I., community says she has one of the best husbands imaginable. During a thunder storm, she says, he will do anything she wants him to do as long as the storm lasts, but he changes very quickly when it passes over.

A very fearful accident occurred to a gentleman while leaving the train at Denison. His pocket was picked of $17.80. The sickening feature of the accident is to be found in the fact that the money was intended for the purchase of a bonnet for his wife.

Bridget has accidentally dropped a lighted match on some dry clothes, which have ignited and endangered the whole house. Mrs. Saunders (rushing into the kitchen): "Why, Bridget, pour some water on the fire quick!" Bridget: "Shure it's no use, ma'am, for the water is hot."

Religion has been sometimes described as the passion of weak men, women, and children; woman may blush for the association which the ridicule involves, but she has no need to be ashamed of her propensity. May it ever be her distinction: it is the heart which adorns as well as enriches.

"Hello, Sharp, what's the matter? You look all broke up this morning." "So I am; I had horrible dreams last night, which disturbed my rest." "What did you dream about?" "You know, my wife has been attending a cooking school to learn how to cook. Well, I dreamed she made a lemon pie, and I ate it."

The mother of a family consisting of the parents and two grown-up daughters, living in Goffstown, recently died, and when the undertaker came to perform his duties, the father was asked the name of his wife. His reply was: "Mother" No other name could be remember, and the daughters were equally ignorant, having never known their parent by any other name than "Mother."

Mrs. Blank: "Do you remember, dear, that before we were married, you always offered me your left arm?" Mr. Blank: "Yes, I wanted to have my right hand free. You see, I had a lover's fear that some one would try to take you away from me, and I always kept it in readiness for defense." "How sweet! But how is it that now you generally offer me your right arm?" "Well, I am not so afraid as I was."

News Notes.

Guns are discharged as fire alarms in Missoula, M. T.

Good land can be bought in Mexico for 30 cents an acre.

Dan Rice is running a 10-cent circus in New Orleans.

At a bird show in London is one canary valued at $3,000.

The walls of several of the British war-ships are made of paper.

"Welcome to all!" reads the sign of a Vineland, N. J., undertaker.

Norwalk, Conn., boasts a baby boy, 13 months old, that weighs 32 pounds.

Marble-playing has been prohibited on the public thoroughfares of Dalton, Ga.

A list of bad tenants is posted in the offices of the real estate agents of Chicago.

A condemned murderer in Los Angelos, Cal., was married in his cell the other day.

A colored man is said to have been frightened to death by a cat, in Atlanta, Ga., recently.

In a Deadwood cellar, not long since, a woman's hand was found firmly frozen in a chunk of ice.

Miss Borders, of Findlay, O., being very tired one evening recently, yawned her jaw out of joint.

There are 6,239,958 persons in the United States above the age of ten who cannot read and write.

The Criminal Court of Douglass county, Oregon, has not had a case before it since this time last year.

Porcelain fruit-knives are among the recent importations from Paris. They are very beautiful and fragile.

Sharon, Mass., boasts of a skater 81 years old who can hold his own on the rollers with many a young man.

There were booked for Easter week at one church in Palatka, Fla., no less than twenty-four marriages.

Alaska seems to be the only region in the United States that has, thus far, escaped the roller-skating mania.

Five dollars a head is reported as the price at which full-sized cattle are selling in New Waverly, Texas.

The Durham divorce case cost Lord Durham in lawyers' fees $2,500 a day. And yet he is as tightly tied as ever.

For sixty-six years a boatman at Newport, R. I., has been in the employ of the United States Government.

At a recent Texas marriage the bridegroom came to the altar armed with a rifle, and the bride with a revolver.

Missouri has a law prohibiting State officials and the members of the Legislature from accepting railway passes.

More than 100 persons, it is reported, have been indicted at St. Mary's, W. Va., for playing dominoes in public.

The county convicts of Camp county, Texas, have all been hired out to farmers, and the jail doors are standing open.

An enterprising thief at Vernon, Ill., stole a large stack of hay from a neighbor, carrying it off in small loads on his sled.

A "demonstrator of metaphysical healing and Christian science cure," has an advertisement in an Albany paper.

The little girls of South Macon, Ga., have organized a sewing society to make garments for the poor children of that place.

The enthusiastic miners of Eagle city, Arizona, presented $5,000 in gold dust to the mother of the first child born there.

A bill has been passed by the Texas Senate requiring railroad companies to give 30 days notice of a reduction in wages.

The Sandwich Islanders are becoming more and more civilized. King Kalakaua talks of building a roller-skating rink.

A courtship that has covered a period of thirty-one years, is said to be still tenderly pursuing its rosy way in Stratford, Conn.

The police in New York have been compelled to give their attention to thieves who steal electric light wires from poles in that city.

In Topeka, Kan., not a saloon is open, and there are seventeen saloon-keepers serving terms in prison for violations of the Prohibition law.

In Macon county, Mo., within the last nine years ten men have been murdered, and no man has been hanged. Each of the slayers is at large.

Oglethorpe, Ga., claims to be the only ideal town in the United States, for the simple reason that not a solitary young man in it chews tobacco.

A chicken with four legs is exciting no little curiosity in Orange City, Fla., where it is walking around as hale and hearty as any other member of the feathered tribe.

A bet was made by a man in Greenville, Ala., recently, that he could walk the ends of the cross-ties on the railroad while a train was passing. He lost the bet—also his life.

There are about 60,000 more females than males in the city of Berlin. The fact is all the more remarkable as there is a garrison of soldiers in the city which numbers 12,000 men.

Mad dogs became so numerous in some parts of Alabama that the schools in one county were obliged to suspend lately, as it was considered dangerous to have the pupils abroad.

The power of Niagara Falls, exclusive of the velocity with which the water reaches the brink, is calculated to be 5,000,000 horse power, or one-fourth of the whole steam power of the earth.

Ill-Gotten Gold.

AT Griswold, a village in the eastern part of Connecticut, lately died a forsaken old bachelor, and a notorious old miser, Peleg Kenyon by name. He left property valued at $750,000, most of it in real estate and mortgages in eastern Massachusetts. The whole was left to the heir of Henry Henderson, an importer of West India goods, who did business in Boston between forty and fifty years ago.

Up to when he was seventeen years old, Kenyon assisted on the farm at the old homestead in Griswold. He left at that time, leaving his widowed mother alone to plow the fields preparatory to sowing oats. She was angry because he left her, but told him never to come back until he had made his pile. This he had determined to do. It was his great boast in after years that, in four years from the time he left home, he was worth $75,000.

Having bade his mother farewell, the youth trudged off, carrying a few insignificant belongings in a bundle on his shoulder by the aid of a stick.

He reached Boston afoot in the course of a few days, and promptly set about finding work. Strolling into the shop of a machinist, he made his application, which was backed up by his seeming need, good muscles and rural aspect. Hard work did not come amiss to the farm lad, who applied himself with energy to the simple laborious employment he was expected to perform. His observations in the great town, its abundance and luxury, added fuel to his consuming desire for wealth, and had his principles been as worthy as his diligence and ambition, what he saw would have assisted him to become one more of the numerous band of New England men who have wrought out for themselves fortune and distinction by praiseworthy endeavor.

He continued at his employment in Boston one year, and saved money out of the scanty wages which he earned. During nearly the whole of the time he was the butt of his associates, for, though a drudge in the shop, he did not hesitate to declare that in less than five years he would be a wealthy man. His fellow-workmen can hardly be blamed that they did not see in an awkward country lad the great possibilities which he asserted.

At the end of his first year in the city he procured the position of night watchman in the warehouse of Henry Henderson, the merchant before referred to, where the ingenuity which he had acquired in the machinist's shop, served him in good stead. By this means he was entrusted with repairs about the place, and, keeping his eyes open to the main chance, not only added to his little income, but acquainted himself pretty well with all that went on in the establishment. His employers respected him for his habit of minding his own business, as well as for his diligence and seeming faithfulness.

He had not been long in his new position when he saw that it might give him the chance of becoming a man of wealth suddenly. But he must cultivate this chance in order to profit by it. As night watchman he was not overlooked. How could he employ his leisure most advantageously to the still hours of his vigil?

His first experiment was to make a duplicate key for the office door. This accomplished he constructed one to the safe, and lastly one to the cash-box inside the safe. He had been six months in the warehouse when he had thus completed his plan to make himself possessed of the entire contents of the safe at a time when those were large enough in value to make him rich at one stroke. Peleg knew how to abide his time.

His plans thus far completed, from time to time Peleg examined the contents of the cash-box. Such trifles as a few thousand dollars were no temptation to him. He was playing for a big stake. At length his opportunity came.

On Saturday afternoon the house received after banking hours a cash payment of one hundred and five thousand dollars for a crop of molasses. This vast amount of money was placed in the cash-box. Peleg knew it was there, and prepared to seize the prize. Its owner had returned to his home confident that the money was all right in a burglar-proof and fire-proof safe and watched by a faithful man.

No sooner was Kenyon alone than he opened the office, the safe and cash-box, stuffed his pockets with the bills, locked the doors behind him, walked to the depot, and took the evening train for the station nearest his home. Arrived there he hired a conveyance, and then drove up to the old homestead at Griswold, where he buried the money, under a tree near the barn. By five the next morning he was again at Putnam station, where he had left the train a few hours before, and on Sunday night once more on duty as night watchman in his employer's warehouse.

On Monday, of course, there was an outbreak. Consternation reigned in the establishment when the cashier, on opening the safe at the beginning of business hours, found the cash-box empty. Where could the money have gone to? The night watchman was questioned closely. He knew nothing about it, had seen no one, about the place nor in it, nor had he been off the premises after dark. Two detectives were put on the case, and the next day Kenyon was arrested on suspicion. He stoutly maintained his innocence, and was reluctantly taken to prison and locked up.

Mr. Henderson visited him daily and talked with him, but Kenyon held an unbroken front for weeks. Finally the merchant grew desperate. His business was badly cramped by the loss of the money. No trace of it could be found anywhere. No one was suspected except Peleg, and many believed him innocent. Mr. Henderson walked into his cell one day and said:

"Peleg, this thing has gone on long enough. You stole that money"

"Well, what if I did?" coolly replied Peleg.

"What if you did? You scoundrel, why, I'll send you to prison for life!"

"No you won't. Massachusetts law provides seven years only for the man who steals from his employer," Peleg replied laughingly.

"You villain! What do you mean?"

"I can't earn a hundred thousand dollars in seven years, and you know I'm bound to be a rich man. Now I've got that much, and after I've been punished seven years for taking it, it's mine, don't you see?"

The merchant was baffled; no amount of talk would affect the thief. The detectives were baffled; all their wiles had failed to secure the money. The widow Kenyon, too, was baffled; she was taken to Boston, and with her eyes streaming with tears she implored Peleg to make restitution, but it was without avail.

"You told me to make my pile before I came back, mother," he said, "and when I come home I'll show it to you."

His late employer was disgusted. At the end of the week he offered Peleg his liberty if he would return the money.

"Why I want to go to prison for it," was his answer. "I expect to be punished for taking it."

"We'll give you your liberty and a thousand dollars," was the merchant's next offer.

"I'll give you a thousand dollars to let me go," responded Kenyon.

"I'll make it two thousand," said Mr. Henderson.

"And so will I," said Peleg.

The offer to Kenyon was slowly increased to ten thousand dollars, and he as steadily advanced his offer for liberty to that amount. The dispirited merchant was now in despair. He gave up all hopes of getting the money, and arranged his business so as to do without it. Kenyon was not brought to trial, however, and two months later the man he had robbed asked him submissively what he would do.

"If you'll let me go with a written guarantee not to trouble me, I'll give you all but seventy-five thousand to-morrow," said Peleg, blandly.

"Hanged if I will," was the reply.

Six weeks more rolled by, and the merchant saw fit to accept the terms of the shrewd Yankee thief. For thirty thousand dollars he signed an instrument putting Kenyon out of harm's way with the lion's share of the money in his pockets. Kenyon was released. He went at once to the place where he had put it and drew forth the bundle of bills intact. He counted out seventy-five thousand dollars, and going into the house, said to his mother:

"Mother, there's my pile."

"No good will come of it, my son," she sternly responded.

Gathering up his treasure, Peleg returned to Boston, where he paid over the thirty thousand dollars according to contract, first investing the balance of the whole amount in real estate, mortgages and loans. Prosperity followed his ventures. In ten years he had doubled and trebled his fortune, but everybody held aloof from him. He was rich, but an ostracized man, and ate his heart in the solitude which is most deeply felt in the busy hum of the city.

Upon the death of his mother he went back to the old farm in Griswold, and sought diversion from torturing thoughts in its beautification. He caused the barren hillsides to blossom like the rose tree, fat cattle bellowed from the rich valleys, and fine horses neighed in the stables. But their owner was left severely alone to reflect upon the insufficiency of ill-gotten wealth to give happiness. Still the habit of acquisition dominated him, and his wealth grew apace.

Avarice sunk into miserhood and its accompanying wretchedness. The master of three-quarter of a million dollars, he had no enjoyment of money, and the burden of it weighed him lower and lower into the depths of the most abject misery. Conscience harrassed him with the demand for restitution, and increasing weakness of body strengthened the stern voice within him.

At length he could endure no longer, spite of the solicitations of long-cherished avarice, and a few months before his death sent for a lawyer, who drew up a will giving all his wealth to the heir of the man whom he had so wickedly wronged nearly forty years before.

Nothing was now left for him but to die.

It was on a dreary night in February of this year that Peleg Kenyon sat alone in his home at Griswold, with his treasure chest before him. The rain pattered on the windows, the strong blast howled in the dismal midnight. Dim eyes, destitute of human interest, closed for the last time; the pointed chin of the miser sank on his breast. He was dead.

Simply Wonderful!

The cures that are being made in nearly all chronic diseases, by Compound Oxygen, which is taken by inhalation and which acts directly on the weakened nerve centres and vital organs, restoring them to the normal activities which had been lost, *are simply wonderful.* If you are in need of such a treatment, write to Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1109 Girard Street, Philadelphia, for such documents and reports of cures as will enable you to judge for yourself whether it will be of any use in your particular case.

MIND WHERE YOU TREAD!

PUNCTUALLY every morning at 8:15 a.m. my old friend, John Jonas, showed his season ticket at the barrier of the railway and only once in six months was he known to return later than 6:30 p.m. to that excellent tea which Mrs. Jonas delighted to prepare for him.

John Jonas had not seen better days, for he never felt better in his life than he did last year, when the tenth of June found him sixty years of age.

It was his pet theory that every day was a good day if people only went through the world carefully.

"Mind where you tread!" has he often said to me, when, so far as I could see, I did not seem at all likely to any damage with my clumsy feet.

One day, I returned with him by the same train, intending to have a cheerful evening in his company. I was partly amused, and partly annoyed, when he caught me by the arm, as we mounted the steps, and said quite loudly to me—

"Mind where you tread, my dear fellow. For goodness' sake, don't step on the worn part of the stairs. Look here now! I always walk up on this side of the steps, as you can see, because the brass edge is not the least worn down."

I meekly followed his instructions, though not without that small stock of resentment which the ordinary man feels when anyone has even hinted that he is not doing everything in the possible manner.

When we were half through our evening I turned upon John Jonas and asked him why he made a fool of himself by choosing any particular part of the railway steps to walk up.

"My principle requires me to make what you politely call a fool of myself," he answered, with a somewhat imposing gesture of the hand. "Sir, it is my principle to mind where I tread, not for the sake of my boots, sir, or because I have corns, but for the sake of the road, the stair or the carpet."

"Are you one of those people, then," I said, "who think things have feelings, and plants have souls?"

"Into those matters I don't inquire," said Jonas; "but I will explain my principle to you, Mr. Sobersides, for many practices which seem foolish are justified by the principle which leads to their gaining ground.

"Early in life I was not of a reflective turn of mind, and consequently I did not mind where I trod. One day, curiosity led me to get into a large, empty cupboard, and jumping up to try and reach a shelf I came down on my feet with some force, and the next thing I remember was finding myself in bed, with my mother putting ice to my head, and learning that I had gone through the rotten boards, and fallen on the stone floor of the cellar below."

"It was on this occasion that my mother first said to me, 'I do wish, John, you would mind where you tread.' Her words stayed in my mind, and then the fall from the cupboard started me once and for all on the habit of thinking."

"'J. J.,' said I to myself, 'the world's an odd sort of place; it doesn't always have "danger" marked up where there is rottenness. You just tap gently first where you mean to come down with a thud later on, and see if the ground is firm.' And many a pound has this caution saved me.

"When I am asked to put my money into this or that I don't come crash down with all my savings. Not a bit of it. I feel my way; I poke my nose into the matter, so to speak, and it often is good enough to tell me where the rottenness is.

"Soon after I began minding where I trod, I found out that a great deal in this world that was not rotten at least was shaky, weak, and easily knocked to bits, and I observed this came generally from the strain of the weight being all in one place.

"'J. J.' again said I to myself, 'mind where you tread; don't come down hard where there's the most strain; don't pile on the agony where there are tears enough already.'

"Avoid the trodden-down part of the stair, and in this way you may defer the day when the crash must come. You may keep a man on his legs instead of knocking him down for the engine of poverty to crush him into a criminal.

"Depend upon it, we are all thin-edged somewhere; we are heavy-weighted, either in heart, or brain, or body, from time to time.

"We should mind where we tread, and do our best to ease everyone's strain, and patch them up, so to speak, by not thoughtlessly doing what may be legally right, but what may be legally right, but what may nevertheless be cruel and unworthy of so noble-natured a being as man."

S. SOBERSIDES.

"I'd like to strike you for fifty dollars today," said Hardup to Young Hyson Saturday afternoon. "By Jove," said Young Hyson, who was a little short himself, "you may do it for twenty dollars. Give me the money and say when you want to strike me."

A COLLAR and necktie-fastener has been invented by a California man. That's well enough; but, if he will go to work and invent a device which will prevent his back collar-button from wandering off when it is most wanted, he will do mankind a service.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is adapted to every age and either sex. Being very palatable, the youngest children take it readily.

Humorous.

A ten-strike—Borrowing an X.

"The man who takes dead people to heaven," was a small boy's description of an undertaker.

A new idea for a masquerade costume: Give yourself a good coating of green paint and go as a pickle.

There's no trouble about twisting the tail of a sleeping bull-dog. The disagreeable part comes when you let go.

A prominent clergyman calls the face "the playground of the soul." If this is true, a dude's face must be a vacant lot out in the suburbs somewhere.

Statistics show that one hundred thousand people are killed by whiskey where one person is killed by a mad dog. And yet most everybody would rather tackle a glass of whiskey than a mad dog.

It isn't bo'n in some folks ter be hones'. Dosn' make no difference how much er duck 'sociates wid chickens, nor no matter how mr she lib from water, soon ex she fin's er puddle she's gwine in dar.

"Johnny, what would you do if you were to see a bad boy stealing some fruit?" asked a Sunday-school teacher of the best boy in the class; "would you not tell him he was doing wrong?" "Yes, indeed, I would, and if he didn't whack up I'd tell the storekeeper."

A Great Problem.

—Take all the Kidney and Liver *Medicines,*
—Take all the *Blood* purifiers,
—Take all the *Rheumatic* remedies,
—Take all the *Dyspepsia* and indigestion *cures,*
—Take all the *Ague,* Fever, and bilious *specifics,*
—Take all the *Brain* and Nerve force *revivers,*
—Take all the *Great* health restorers.
—*In short,* take all the best qualities of all these, and the *—best*
—*Qualities* of all the best medicines in the world, and you will find that *—Hop*
—*Bitters* have the best curative qualities and powers of all *—concentrated*
—In them, and that they will cure when any or all of these, singly or *—combined*
—Fail. A thorough trial will give positive proof of this.

Hardened Liver.

Five years ago I broke down with kidney and liver complaint and rheumatism.

Since then I have been unable to be about at all. My liver became hard like wood; my limbs were puffed up and filled with water.

All the best physicians agreed that nothing could cure me. I resolved to try Hop Bitters; I have used seven bottles; the hardness has all gone from my liver, the swelling from my limbs, and it has *worked a miracle* in my case; otherwise I would have been now in my grave. J. W. MOREY, Buffalo, Oct. 1, 1881.

Poverty and Suffering.

"I was dragged down with debt, poverty, and suffering for years, caused by a sick family and large bills for doctoring.

I was completely discouraged, until one year ago, by the advice of my pastor, I commenced using Hop Bitters, and in one month we were all well, and none of us have seen a sick day since, and I want to say to all poor men, you can keep your families well a year with Hop Bitters for less than one doctor's visit will cost. I know it."—A WORKINGMAN.

☞ None genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.

—THE MILD POWER CURES.—

HUMPHREYS'

In use 30 years.—Special Prescriptions of an eminent Physician. **Simple, Safe and Sure.**

LIST OF PRINCIPAL NOS.	CURES.	PRICE.
1	Fevers, Congestion, Inflammations	.25
2	Worms, Worm Fever, Worm Colic	.25
3	Crying Colic, or Teething of Infants	.25
4	Diarrhea of Children or Adults	.25
5	Dysentery, Griping, Bilious Colic	.25
6	Cholera Morbus, Vomiting	.25
7	Coughs, Cold, Bronchitis	.25
8	Neuralgia, Toothache, Faceache	.25
9	Headaches, Sick Headache, Vertigo	.25
10	Dyspepsia, Bilious Stomach	.25
11	Suppressed or Painful Periods	.25

HOMEOPATHIC

12	Whites, too Profuse Periods	.25
13	Croup, Cough, Difficult Breathing	.25
14	Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Eruptions	.25
15	Rheumatism, Rheumatic Pains	.25
16	Fever and Ague, Chills, Malaria	.50
17	Piles, Blind or Bleeding	.50
19	Catarrh, acute or chronic; Influenza	.50
20	Whooping Cough, Violent Coughs	.50
24	General Debility, Physical Weakness	.50
27	Kidney Disease	.50
28	Nervous Debility	1.00
30	Urinary Weakness, Wetting Bed	.50
32	Diseases of the Heart, Palpitation	1.00

SPECIFICS.

Sold by Druggists, or sent postpaid on receipt of price.—Send for **Dr. Humphreys' Book on Disease, &c.** (144 pages); also **Catalogue, free.** — Address, **HUMPHREYS' Medicine Co., 109 Fulton St., New York.**

40 CARDS, all covered name, Silk Fringed, Gilt Edge Hidden Motto and Embossed, with name 10c., 3 pks and present 30c. West & Co., New Haven, Ct.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

New Publications.

Messrs. J. B. Lippincott Company announce as ready a new novel, "One of the Duanes." The author, Mrs. Alice King Hamilton, being perfectly familiar with the social customs of military life, has written a very delightful story, varied by the adventures incident to the camp, and interwoven with many bits of description of Florida scenery, where the plot is mainly located.

"Progressive Euchre and How to Play it," is a pamphlet on this subject published by the Excelsior Publishing House, New York. Price 10 cents.

"Ethelind," by Carlottah is a novel that can be read through in a couple of hours. This is not the least of its merits however, as is interesting, and pleasant reading besides. Price 25 cents. J. S. Ogilvie, Publisher New York.

"In Case of Accident," by Dr. D. A. Sargent. Illustrated. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price 60 cents. This little handbook is worth its weight in gold, and should be found on the most convenient shelf of every family library. The author is connected with the Harvard College Gymnasium, and the contents of the volume are made up of practical talks delivered before the ladies' class of the gymnasium. His aim is to give such practical information as will aid to self-preservation in times of danger, and to teach a few of the simplest methods of meeting the common accidents and emergencies of life. The illustrations are numerous and excellent.

"Red Letter Stories." Price 60 cents. Madame Johanna Spyri is pronounced by competent critics the best living German writer for children. Miss Lucy Wheelock of the Chauncey Hall School, Boston, has translated a series of her most charming tales, under the above title. This delightful volume, prettily bound and illustrated, is one of the best selling books of the season. Lothrop & Co., Boston, Publishers. Both the above are for sale by J. B. McCullough 1018 Arch Street.

MAGAZINES.

Arthur's Home Magazine for April like all its predecessors is full of matter, both literary and household, that will be found equally entertaining and useful. T. S. Arthur & Son Publishers; Phila., Pa. $2.00 per year.

That short-lived but brilliant magazine *The Manhattan*, made no more notable contribution to the literature of the day than the serial "Trajan," by Henry F. Keenan, begun anonymously in its columns. Only twelve chapters of this remarkable story had appeared when owing to untoward circumstances, *The Manhattan* suspended publication. It had excited so much interest however that Cassell & Co. determined to publish it in full in book form, and have now done so. "Trajan" is an international novel, the scene of which is laid in Paris at the time of the down-fall of the empire under Napoleon III. The central characters are Americans, while the chief personages of the hour do duty in working out the plot. The hero, Trajan Gray, is a young painter, an American, with a studio in the Latin Quarter. He is a man of action, and we find him figuring prominently in some of the most exciting incidents of the revolution. Not only does Mr. Keenan give us graphic and striking pictures of the stirring events of those stirring times but he shows equal dexterity in depicting the quiet-life in a French country house. Indeed, it is hard to say when he is at his best, whether in painting the bloody doings of the Commune, the luxury of court balls, in touching incidents such as the eating of the bread thrown to the birds, in epigram, or in the off-hand portraits of well-known men and women, sometimes given over their names, at others, under a thin disguise. To say that the book is entertaining is not doing it simple justice. It is a fascinating story whose perusal will keep thousands of readers up till the small hours of the morning. Beautifully printed and bound in blue and gold. Cassell & Co., Publishers, New York. Price $1.50.

The chief article in *Lippincott's Magazine* for April are: Glimpses of Peking, by C. F. Gordon Cumming; a paper by Charles Morris summarizing the results of the investigations carried on by the London Society for Psychic Research; a description and historical account of Buffalo, under the title of Studies in a Lake Port, by C. B. Todd; a second paper on the New Orleans Exposition, by Edward C. Bruce; a history of The Confederate Flag, gathered from hitherto unpublished documents, by Frank G. Carpenter. There are several short stories, among which Rosa Herkheim, by W. W. Crane, merits particular notice as an original and realistic picture of life and manners among the Pennsylvania Germans. The two serials, On this Side; and Aurora, maintain their interest. Lippincott & Co., Publishers, Phila. Price 25 cents per number.

Among the leading contributions in the April number of *The Quiver* are: Reserve Force in Character, by the Rev. Dr. Wm. Y. Taylor, of New York; Secret Faults, by Rev. Geo. Hill; Church Work in South London, by the Lord Bishop of Rochester; The Best Place to Hide the Bible In—that is in the heart—by Rev. Gordon Calthrop; Bi-Centenary Sketches, showing France in 1685, by Prof. Binkie; and The Mount of Blessedness, by Rev. Guy Pearse. The fiction is wholesome and good, and consists of instalments of two serials and four short stories. There is poetry and music, and pictures on almost every page. Terms $1.50 a year. Cassell & Co., publishers, New York.

Facetiæ.

Bad news—Pneumonia and neuralgia.

Ten men's length, ten men's strength, ten men can't tear it, a little boy can pick it up and carry it. A rope.

Ten men's length, ten men's strength, ten men can't tear it, a little boy can pick it up and carry it.—A Rope.

"What is luxury?" asks an exchange. A luxury is something you don't want until you see somebody else with it.

A lesson in physics. Teacher: "What is velocity?" Pupil: "Velocity is what a man puts a hot plate down with."

"Great things have small beginnings," groaned the granger, as he gazed at a lump on his hand where a hornet sat down on it.

A doctor in Warren, N. H., makes his rounds on snow-shoes. One day he got caught in a bedge, and five of his patients recovered before he was discovered and extricated.

It is said that bees and wasps will not sting a person whose skin is smeared with honey. This, of course, may be perfectly true, but the trouble with the blasted insects is that they won't always wait until a fellow can smear himself.

A London paper gravely announces that St. Petersburg is anxiously awaiting the arrival of an American pianist who promises, by the aid of electricity, to play twelve pianos simultaneously. If that don't scare off the Nihilists nothing will.

Mrs. A.: "So you have been to the circus?" Mrs. B.: "Yes." Mrs. A.: "Is it worth going to see?" Mrs. B.: "Oh! yes, indeed, decidedly." Mrs. A.: "What impresses you as being the most noteworthy feature of the exhibition?" Mrs. B.: "The smell."

If twenty-seven inches of snow give three inches of water, how much milk will a given cow yield, when fed on turnips?" Key—Multiply the number of snowflakes by the number of hairs on the cow's tail, divide the product in the juice of a dry turnip, add to quotient a pound of chalk, and multiply the hydrant.

Superfluous Hair.

Madame Wambold's Specific permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for circular. Madame WAMBOLD, Townsend Harbor, Mass.

ROBERT LADENT,

supposed to have been a clergyman in Philadelphia; or Rachael Rainbird, or Wolf, his wife. Her sister, Mary Ann, wants to hear from her. Address, Wm. Crawford, 25 N. B. Buildings, Coatbridge, Scotland.

☞When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

A Safeguard.

The fatal rapidity with which slight **Colds** and **Coughs** frequently develop into the gravest maladies of the throat and lungs, is a consideration which should impel every prudent person to keep at hand, as a household remedy, a bottle of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL.

Nothing else gives such immediate relief and works so sure a cure in all affections of this class. That eminent physician, Prof. F. Sweetzer, of the Maine Medical School, Brunswick, Me., says:—

"Medical science has produced no other anodyne expectorant so good as AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. It is invaluable for diseases of the throat and lungs."

The same opinion is expressed by the well-known Dr. L. J. Addison, of Chicago, Ill., who says:—

"I have never found, in thirty five years of continuous study and practice of medicine, any preparation of so great value as AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, for treatment of diseases of the throat and lungs. It not only breaks up colds and cures severe coughs, but is more effective than anything else in relieving even the most serious **bronchial and pulmonary affections.**"

AYER'S
Cherry Pectoral

Is not a new claimant for popular confidence, but a medicine which is to-day saving the lives of the third generation who have come into being since it was first offered to the public.

There is not a household in which this invaluable remedy has once been introduced where its use has ever been abandoned, and there is not a person who has ever given it a proper trial for any throat or lung disease susceptible of cure, who has not been made well by it.

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL has, in numberless instances, cured obstinate cases of chronic **Bronchitis, Laryngitis,** and even acute **Pneumonia,** and has saved many patients in the earlier stages of **Pulmonary Consumption.** It is a medicine that only requires to be taken in small doses, is pleasant to the taste, and is needed in every house where there are children, as there is nothing so good as AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL for treatment of **Croup** and **Whooping Cough.**

These are all plain facts, which can be verified by anybody, and should be remembered by everybody.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all druggists.

READ THIS.

TWO GRAND OLEOGRAPHS

MAGNIFICENT ART WORKS!

COMPANION MASTERPIECES!

"THE WHITE MOUNTAINS"

----AND----

"THE YELLOWSTONE RIVER.

12X16 INCHES IN SIZE.

FOR 30 CENTS.

We offer the readers of the Post at thirty cents in cash or postage stamps for the pair —costs of packing, mailing etc., included, the two above-mentioned art-works, from the pencil of the famous American artist, Thomas Moran.

"THE WHITE MOUNTAINS" depicts the glory of the Eastern Landscape

"THE YELLOWSTONE RIVER" depicts the glory of the West.

☞THEY ARE NOT CHEAP CHROMOS.☜

It will be distinctly understood that these unique works of art are not cheap, gaudily colored chromos. They are perfect imitations of the finest oil and water colors. They have no resemblance whatever to the ordinary cheap chromos and colored lithographs now so common; but are really SOLID WORKS OF ART, and cannot fail to so impress every lover of the beautiful, and every one who takes the least interest in HOUSEHOLD DECORATION, for they would ornament any room, and lend grace to any wall, however humble.

"THE WHITE MOUNTAINS" represents a grand effect of misty mountain landscape and is full of brooding storm, and the wild ruggedness of nature.

"THE YELLOWSTONE RIVER" is all sunshine, light, warmth and mellowness, hanging over the mystic stream and is an efficient contrast, yet a perfect companion to the other.

No description could do them full justice. We venture to say that finer specimens of the oleographic art have never been produced, while for cheapness they are unparalleled. The originals from which these pictures have been painted are valued at $25,000. The number of copies is limited and we advise all those wishing a couple of pictures that in every essential respect may be regarded an oil-paintings, to apply at once.

Address, THE PHILADELPHIA OLEOGRAPH CO.,
726 Sansom St., Philadelphia, Pa.

AGENTS WANTED

A PICNIC for Agents, Costing us $4000. Agents wanted everywhere for our new patent French rubber appliances for ladies; and other new sanitary and hygienic undergarments for ladies and children. Success sure; entirely new. To the first 1000 Agents we offer 1,000 $4.00 Outfits entirely **FREE.** Address at once, with 4c. stamp, Sanitary Appliance Co., 110 Clybourne Ave., Chicago.

AGENTS WANTED for DR. SCOTT'S beautiful Electric Corsets. Sample free to those becoming agents. No risk, quick sales, Territory given, satisfaction guaranteed Address DR. SCOTT, 842 Broadway St., N. Y.

CANVASSERS wanted for a book just out. Send name on postal. H. M. BROCKSTEDT, Box 520, St. Louis, Mo.

$250 A MONTH. Agents wanted. 90 best selling articles in the world. 1 sample free. Address JAY BRONSON, Detroit, Mich.

50 Satin Embossed Cards, with name, 10c. (not the cheap 50c embossed jack & packs and the Rolled Gold Seal Ring for 50c. Agts.' Album, 25c. **Alling Bros. Northford, Ct.**

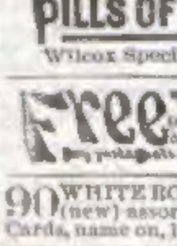
TO WEAK MEN suffering from the effects of youthful error, early decay, lost manhood, etc. I will send you a valuable treatise upon the above diseases, also directions for self-cure, free of charge. Address Prof. F. C. FOWLER, Moodus, Conn.

WEAK AND UNDEVELOPED portions or organs of the body enlarged and restored to proper size and vigor. Particulars, Medical Testimony, &c. sent sealed free. ERIE MED. CO., Buffalo, N. Y.

MEN ONLY. A quick, Permanent Cure for Lost Manhood, Debility, Nervousness, Weakness. No quackery. Indisputable Proofs. Book by mail, sealed, 10 cents, guaranteed. FREE. ERIE MEDICAL CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

LADIES A RARE BOOK, just out. How to Develop the Bust and Form." Full explanation. The only method. Mailed sealed for 20c. Address P. O. Drawer 172, Buffalo, N. Y.

60 New Style, Embossed Hidden Name and Chromo Visiting Cards no 2 alike, name on, 10c., 12 packs $1. Warranted best sold. Sample Book, 4c. L. JONES & CO., Nassau, N. Y.



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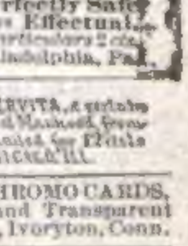

Inventor of the celebrated **GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEE.**

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS, INCHES.	TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Fringes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair.

CARDS 50 Different Styles with your name engraved, 10 cts. A Clock and Gilt bound Agents' Book of 90 costly styles, 25 cts. **No free samples. Card Co., Wallingford, Conn.** *This Company does not deal in trash.*

LADIES **PILLS OF TANSY** are Perfectly Safe and always Effectual. Sealed particulars 2 cts. Wilcox Specific Medicine Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

Free TRIAL. Send for NERVITA, a certain cure for Nervous Debility, Lost Manhood, Seminal Weakness, Impotency, Lame Back, Kidney Troubles, Impure Blood, Female Weakness, Irregularities, Suppressions, Prostration, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Hysteria, Headache, Neuralgia, Dizziness, Fits, Nervous Prostration caused by the use of Tobacco, Opium, Liquor, Quinine, Mercury, Potash, Morphine, Lead, Arsenic, Antimony, Iodine, Bismuth, Nitrate of Silver, Poisonous Drugs, Medicines, Contagious Blood Poisons

Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

SPRING flowers are beginning to make their early appearance in the windows of the modistes, if not in our gardens and fields, and the majority of spring chapeaux are, as usual, perfect gardens of primroses, lilac, wall-flowers, violets, and other early blossoms.

It need hardly be said, however, that the best modistes carefully avoid this too common-place interpretation of spring modes, and seek for other means of giving the necessary light and fresh aspect to the chapeaux they construct. The few following models may be taken as specimens of the best and newest spring chapeaux, they are simple and ladylike, yet thoroughly original and in excellent taste:—One is a small frame of almond-colored satin straw, with the brim raised and cleft in front. The brim is lined with bronze velvet, and covered on the outside with close folds of velvet. In front is a drapery of embroidered silk gauze, the embroidery representing two birds worked in brightly-colored silks, and in the centre of the drapery is a bouquet of artichoke flowers and leaves, the flowers filling up the opening in the brim. The very narrow bronze velvet strings are fastened on at the back with gold pins.

A very pretty model is a small capote, with a close-fitting crown and brim covered with black tulle studded with jet berries; the tulle is puffed on the crown, and edged with lace falling in front over a wreath of small tilleul-colored roses. A second wreath covers the brim, and is divided into groups by jetted lace, wired, and arranged in fluted pleats. A few bows and ends of narrow tilleul-colored velvet are mixed with the roses and lace, and the strings are of jetted tulle bordered with lace. Capotes with quaintly-fluted brims are also worn; these are usually made of plain or embroidered velvet, and trimmed in front with a small plume of ostrich feathers, and a large aigrette rising from the centre.

No abatement is yet apparent in the height to which chapeaux aspire; their ornaments still rise triumphant, and they have now attained to such an elevation that it seems impossible the mode can endure much longer.

Jet chapeaux are in great favor, but they are no longer covered with embroidered net, stretched on the frame, and edged with jetted lace; the new models are formed of row upon row of the finest cut jet ornaments, all separate and arranged in different manners on the shape. A charming capote, to cite one amongst many, is thus covered with jet leaves, not lying flat on the crown, but standing nearly erect, so that the chapeau rather resembles a porcupine covered with sharp points. The trimming consists of a rosette of pink ribbon velvet, above which rises an aigrette of jet leaves, so fine and open that the velvet shows through the interstices. The strings are of velvet, and a ruche of pink tulle lines the open brim.

No trimmings or materials are too brilliant for chapeaux; capotes made of dark velvet are relieved with gold braid, and feathers are tipped with gold, silver, and steel pendants. Gauzes and nets laminated with metal, even gold and silver cloth are employed for the most dressy models, and a new feather trimming lately introduced has quite a sober appearance beside these glittering and showy ornaments. This new trimming is formed of two small ornaments of the dyed skin and feathers of the African heron, with a plume of ostrich feather tips and aigrette rising from the centre.

Laminated and embroidered materials of all descriptions are in vogue, from the lightest tulles and gauzes to the richest brocades and velvets. Broche damasks, velvets and sicilienne are the materials chiefly used for dinner and ball dresses, and these toilettes are either covered with gold or bead embroidery, or else smothered in flowers.

Chemisettes and plastrons, made of embroidered or beaded tulle, are worn with all the fashionable styles of open bodices, and Zouave, Figaro, and Russian jackets. Swiss bodices and belts, made of velvet or plush, are also finished off with full chemisettes and sleeves of embroidered gauze, or of net covered with small bead pendants.

One of the newest fabrics for walking costumes is a thick species of cashmere, with bands of the material in imitation of Indian shawl patterns of palms or flowers, enriched with bead embroidery. These dresses are made in all colors, but chiefly in grenat, brown, myrtle-green, bronze, prune, and navy-blue. Another new fabric is a neutral tinted, rough woollen material, open like canvas, or etamine, and embroidered with wreaths in graduated shades of wool: the designs are reeds, rushes, and strange plants and flowers.

Green in every conceivable shade is the most fashionable color for spring chapeaux and costumes, nevertheless the spring, or at any rate the season of Lent, is the time when black toilettes mostly prevail, and these, in spite of their sombre hue, are often very elegant. Jet, and chenille and silk embroideries are much used in trimming them. A walking costume of black vigogne has a plain skirt, trimmed with five rows of wide black braid, studded with large jet beads, and put on the width of the braid apart. The tunic is long on the right side, and forms part of the pleated back drapery; on the left side it is draped to the hip, and the back drapery falls in a puff and coquille drapery. The corsage has a pleated basque at the back, but the front is slightly gathered at the neck and waist, and fastened down the right side under a band of braid studded with jet. A pleated basque shows below the broad waistband, that starts from the side seams and is crossed at the waist in front. A braid collar band, fastened on the right side with a bow, and braid trimmings on the sleeves complete the costume.

Embroidered cashmere is often employed for the corsage and draperies of the skirt, over a pleated jupon of sicilienne or satin merveilleux; in this case the tablier is bordered with a flounce of silk embroidery on net, and a similar flounce forms the basque of the corsage.

Black dinner and evening toilettes are lavishly trimmed with jet; one model has a tablier of tulle puffs, divided by three diagonal bands of rich jetted fringe, a little higher on the right side than on the left. Panels of jet embroidered velvet broche cover the sides of the skirt, with bows of satin ribbon, serving as a starting point for the jet fringe, towards the front. The train and pointed corsage are of rich satin merveilleux, the open neck and elbow sleeves trimmed with tulle draperies and net. A second dinner toilette is made with a full skirt of satin merveilleux, bordered with a deep lace flounce. Over this is a princess dress of velvet broche, the front open in a point and fastened to the waist only; the skirt is divided below the waist, and falls in two panels on each side, showing the satin skirt between; the back is pleated and forms a moderately long rounded train. A ruche of lace ornaments the open bodice, and a bow of ribbon velvet on the chest is connected with a flat bow of the same on the left hip. The elbow sleeves are finished off with lace ruches.

The new woollen mantle materials are, although extremely soft and supple, somewhat rough in appearance: the most stylish models are long in front, and have long, pointed sleeves, but the back is quite short and finished off with lace flounces which fall over the tournure. Pelerines are also to be largely worn, especially when made of one of the two materials of which the dress is composed. Thus, a favorite walking costume for the spring will consist of a plain, untrimmed velvet skirt, a corsage and tunic, or a polonaise, of silk, sicilienne, or woollen material, and a large pelerine of velvet matching the skirt, tied in at the waist at the back; the pelerine is untrimmed round the edge, but is ornamented with a band of passementerie down each front and down the centre of the back.

Small pardessus and mantles are either heavily trimmed with jet, or else jet is not employed at all; there is apparently no medium course this season. The new passementeries are massive, and covered with cut jet of extreme fineness and beauty; separate ornaments are provided for the sleeves, for the backs, and for the fronts, with thistle-shaped pendants in cut jet falling from all. Jet panels and tabliers for dresses are also fashionable.

Fireside Chat.

NOVELTIES IN DECORATION.

AFTERNOON tea-time is certainly the most sociable part of the day, both in town and country. After the fatigue of visiting and shopping, or after the exertion of walking and riding, the rest and the refreshment is equally acceptable. Many people pride themselves on making tea-time a popular rendezvous, and also rendering it additionally attractive by the introductions of little novelties and originalities. They arrange their room each time differently; place their tea-table in various corners; contrive picturesque nooks, with tall spreading palm trees, shaded lamps, and folding screens; push little tables, invitingly laid out with a pretty cloth, a set of tea things, and various cakes in a quaint receptacle, into the midst of a group of chairs; or arrange their visitors in full view of the fire, in stiff chairs, old-fashioned "settles," and upright sofas of a past age. These transformation scenes take place on the morning of the "at home" day, and are not generally regarded by the housemaid in the same light as the mistress. The latter stands by, with critical eye, while plants and furniture, ornaments and rugs, are being moved about from place to place, till the desired effect, whether artistic, luxurious, or severe, is arrived at.

Lamps are a feature at these entertainments, overshadowed by large colored silk shades. The owl lamps, small and large, are gradually giving way to king-fishers, also in two sizes—in white china, or colored according to nature; and dogs in sitting postures, supporting the globe. Candles are also brought into play, and these are shaded in various ways. There are crinkled colored shades, dotted all over with large white or yellow daisies, or with a bordering at the top and bottom. (Lamp shades are also in this style.) There are small fans; large pansies and other flowers; equally large butterflies, and various other flowers; equally large butterflies, and various other devices, all fitting into frames fixed on to the candles. A candelabra, holding four to six light looks effective when a different colored butterfly is fixed on to each candle.

Japanese things are much *a la mode* at present, and now we may see screens and lanterns, bamboo work, brass kettles, tea of the country (taken without milk or cream), and curiosities of all kinds in many drawing rooms of our acquaintance. One sort of screen is somewhat uncommon, as it has a large centre panel and *two* folding ones on each side, forming, when spread out, quite a small room. This would make a very snug corner in a large room, with a chair or two, a table, and a few hangings of rich hue thrown over the edges. Another novelty is a gourd of large size, circular in form, hollowed out, a large aperture at the top, and having for its support three little gourds. The surface is brown, hard and varnished, with a design in lacquer traced over it. It is intended for a work or waste-paper receptacle, and its size may be guessed at when it served the hiding-place for a small boy, who recently got into one, to the dismay of an anxious young mother. There are smaller gourds, but the large size is the popular one. They are somewhat costly, as they are rare, especially the lacquered ones. Many people having friends abroad may obtain these without much trouble or expense. Japanese embroideries of all kinds, even articles of dress, are displayed as drapery for mantel valances and pianos, or over the backs of sofas. Large fans are spread out and fixed above doors, and still larger ones are placed against the wall, over the mantel shelf, when there is no mirror. A silken scarf is sometimes gracefully arranged over the edge at one side.

Brass ornaments of all kinds are popular at present, from tea kettles, bellows, and writing-table appointments, to hot water jugs and the bed-room candlesticks, with long handles. Many ladies keep quaint shaped brass cans in the drawing-room for watering plants. The latest achievement in amateur brass work is a complete fire-place set, comprising the top and sides. Good sized bells of beaten brass, suspended from brackets fixed to the wall, and pulled by a brass chain, are to be seen in halls or outside doors. The ironwork Munich lanterns (copies of old ones), with circles of colored talc let in at the sides, are also fashionable. The talc has the advantage over glass, as it does not crack. Letting cases containing stuffed birds into projecting corners of vestibules, the sides of staircases, or house side of a conservatory, has a good effect. The door of a conservatory leading from a room is frequently seen of wood lattice work, in imitation of the Arabic style. Sometimes this is a souvenir of past travels, or the work of someone about the house. Possessors of wood carving in this style may consider themselves fortunate, for at present it is very highly thought of, and placed wherever it is possible. The close acquaintance with Egypt has been the means of introducing it, as well as many other things, common enough in the East, but regarded as treasures here.

A pretty way of dressing up a conservatory that is attached to a house is to fix laths of wood across at distances, and festoon flowered and figured Madras muslin over them. It gives a shade as well as a *furnished* look. This is sometimes done in a very light room or hall in a country house. The length depends on that of the room, and the muslin is drawn in its full width right down the room, from end to end. Little terra-cotta pots for ferns are now silvered or gilded, and the larger colored delf ones are mounted on stout tripods of silvered or gilded wood, which adds greatly to their appearance.

Canary-colored milking stools have taken the place of the vermilion ones, but they do not find favor in all eyes. When they are painted, something deep and rich in color is designed. A curiosity table is, perhaps, a novelty with some of my readers. It is an ordinary round table painted black, decorated with anything and everything available, such as a visiting card, an addressed envelope, a Christmas card, a twist of worsted, a button, a photograph, a small specimen of patchwork, etc. It is astonishing how ingeniously a table can be covered when time, taste, and also a sense of humor are brought to bear on it. If this is not generally known, perhaps the suggestion may give rise to occupation and amusement for weary or leisure hours. The work is more interesting than that of Christmas-card arrangements. Many amateur artists are painting their rooms, from ceiling to wainscot. All do not aspire to the ceiling itself, but commence with the frieze running at the top of the room, and continue with the dado, panels of doors, shutters, design over the door, and up the side of a mirror.

Correspondence.

L. D.—We can tell better after we have tried.

READER.—Take lessons in elocution from some competent teacher.

ELLEN.—"Music has charms to soothe the savage beast" is a quotation from Congreve's tragedy, "The Mourning Bride."

G. B.—Philadelphia city contains 129¾ square miles, the largest in area in the world. London is the next in size with 122 square miles.

ROLAND.—It would not be improper for you to call on the young lady, and ascertain whether your information with regard to her is true or not.

A. L. F.—As you have had all your life the discoloration you mention, we fail to understand how you can imagine that it is possible to get rid of it—at any rate, by safe means. We fear you must be content for it to remain as it is.

COLUMBIA.—General Sherman draws $15,000 per year, for the reason that the act retiring him reads "and allowances," which means in his case $125 per month. The Grant Retirement act says nothing about allowances, and he therefore draws $13,500. The pay stops at his death.

BENDIGO.—It is not absolutely necessary to give an engagement ring, although it is customary. In some countries rings are exchanged. Certainly those who are inclined to be true will be none the less so because no ring has been presented, and their engagement will be no less binding.

FLORENCE.—We cannot give you a talisman for discovering whether the young man returns the affection you feel toward him. All that you can do is to do nothing, remembering that all things come to him or her who waits. You will be wise, however, not to give way to the attachment you have formed, lest, after long waiting, it should end in disappointment.

BACHELOR.—No man should insist upon his wife's blacking his boots, and we doubt that any woman ever yet put a creditable polish upon a shoe, just because she was compelled to do it. The husband acted in bad taste in asking your opinion upon the subject, especially when his wife was present. Let him discuss his household affairs at home. If he insists upon his wife's blacking his boots, he is an unmanly fellow, that's all.

LEO.—If a gentleman and lady exchange portraits, it certainly must be regarded as a significant incident; but if no positive engagement has been entered into, no proposal made, and no question of marriage propounded, there could be no action brought for "breach of promise." We may observe that it would be very foolish for two persons to exchange portraits when no serious meaning was attached to the incident; and the young lady, in such a case, would be guilty of great indiscretion and imprudence. She ought only to accept the portrait of the gentleman when formally engaged to him.

LASSIE.—The grounds on which you say the young man asks for a release from the marriage engagement are wholly insufficient. As you say, there must be something else, which he has not communicated to you, and this "something else," you ought to find out. A young lady certainly ought not to marry a man who for any reason wishes to be released from his engagement; but the fact of such an engagement having become known, it should not be broken off hastily, nor until it can be so done as to prevent any harm coming to the lady therefrom.

ANNIE R.—We strongly advise you to have nothing more to say to the gentleman you mention. His conduct towards you appears to us quite inexcusable; and we are much surprised that it should not seem so to yourself also. No honorable man would ever have spoken to you as he has done unless he really intended to marry you. To tell you that, if he ever married anybody, it should be you, but that he does not know whether he will ever marry at all or not, is sheer insolence. No man has the slightest right to make such an insulting speech to any woman. Besides, the case is made all the worse by the fact that the gentleman is a widower. If he were a bachelor, we might perhaps be charitably inclined to condone his offence on the possible ground of want of means; but a man who has once been able to keep a wife is presumably able to keep one again as well as formerly.

RICHMOND.—Agnosticism is the law of agnostics, who are religious Know-nothings. They disclaim all knowledge of God or of the creation of the universe, and hold that the absolute, and the infinite, being immaterial and beyond relative space, are outside and above human conception. 2. The Anarchists in Europe, and especially in Germany, belong to the lowest classes. It is very difficult to ascertain their numbers, and reliable figures are not published. Anarchists, as such, have had nothing to do with recent strikes in this country. Anarchists go much further than Socialists, and demand the overturning of all existing social, political and other conditions, while Socialists demand simply a division of property. So long as they are allowed to talk freely and vent their ideas without repression there is nothing to be feared from them in this country. Under present conditions they will continue to be heard, and no man or body of men can expend their force and still have it. There is no cause for alarm.

B. L. W.—By treaty dated April 13, 1803, Napoleon Bonaparte, then First Consul, ceded Louisiana to the United States for 60,000,000 francs, and the assumption by our Government of the claims of its citizens against France, then reckoned at $5,750,000, so that the whole cost it stated in round numbers at $15,000,000. The money was duly paid to France, but the dues to our citizens, to our great shame, have never been paid. These are now known as the French spoliation claims. Their justice has never been denied, and a bill for their payment has been brought forward almost every year since they were first due. Now the bill would pass the House and be lost in the Senate, or it would fall between the two Houses on some unimportant amendment. When the claims against England were to be adjusted at Geneva, the agent of the underwriters, without whom the award would never have been made, was urged to secure a provision that England pay the claimants, it being openly stated that if the money was once paid into our treasury they would be served as the claimants against France had been. Some were laughed at for their fears, but the money was received by the United States Treasury more than ten years ago, and he would be a bold man who would predict that the underwriters, whose just claims formed the basis on which the award was made, will ever get a cent of it!